

THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXIX. No. 22

LOS ANGELES, OCTOBER 31, 1908

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied by the Los Angeles News Company, Eighth and Olive streets, Los Angeles. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address all communications to the editor at 116½ North Broadway, Los Angeles.

Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter.

Telephones: Home 8482; Sunset, Main 139.

FIFTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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McLACHLAN AND CANNON

WE do not criticize Representative James McLachlan for declining to state whether he will or will not, in the event of his re-election to congress, cast his vote for "Foul-mouth" Joe Cannon for speaker, if the latter also is successful at the polls. In case a party caucus were called and a majority should declare in favor of the obscene old reactionary, whose misuse of power is proved by a record of wrongs that long ago forfeited his right to consideration, then a negative vote by McLachlan would greatly imperil his usefulness to this district at Washington. Hence it is obviously the part of wisdom to remain silent at this time.

But in case a caucus is not called and open vote in the house is to determine Cannon's re-election or retirement as presiding officer, if McLachlan were to acquiesce in the attempt to impose this persistent obstructionist of progress, for another term, on the people's lawmakers, certain punishment should be his should he ever again come before an outraged constituency asking for political indorsement. Cannon is not in sympathy with Taft, he has repeatedly tried to discredit Roosevelt. His re-election to congress would be of no great consequence, but we agree with the North American that his re-election to the speakership would constitute a calamity to the country.

It has been pointed out that if Cannon exercised his power for the public good he could make himself a great public benefactor. But it is against and not for the interests of the people he exerts himself; it is against and not for the good of the public that the machinery of the house is used to crush individualism and independent spirit. Nobody knows that in this district better than Mr. McLachlan. He also knows that it was Cannon who opposed the passage of the pure food laws; who fought child

labor restriction; who was chief opponent of the act requiring safety appliances to prevent railroads from crippling or killing their employes; who opposed the parcels post; who protected the lumber trust in land grafting and the paper trust in wood pulp piracy; who fought railroad rate regulation; who is solely responsible for the blocking of the Appalachian forest reserve legislation; and whose hostility to temperance, by throttling a fair and reasonable bill to prevent the flooding with liquor of communities which had voted against its sale, brought upon his head the justly aroused wrath of the great Methodist denomination. He is a usurper and, as Bishop Bristol has well said, "he typifies the spirit of obstruction to the great moral movements of the age."

Whether Mr. McLachlan does or does not vote for Cannon, in the event that both are re-elected, we believe enough Republican candidates for congress pledged to his defeat, will be chosen, to make Cannon's return to the speakership extremely doubtful. In case he is elected to congress and a Democratic house should be successful at the same time, as a protest against his usurpation of power and as a rebuke to the Republican leaders for their tariff insincerity, the advent of a Democratic majority would not be regarded as an unmixed evil. At least, Cannon would be relegated to a seat on the floor where he could do no harm to the country.

TORRENS ACT AND THOMPSON

WHAT a mistake for the voters of the thirty-fifth senatorial district to send to the senate a man whose entire personal interests are in opposition to the welfare of the people. Newton W. Thompson, candidate for the upper branch of the legislature, from the Thirty-fifth district, is in the employ of an abstract company, as a searcher of titles. It is but natural that he will steadfastly and consistently, from his viewpoint, oppose any attempt to render operative, by compulsory legislation, the admirable Torrens act, which became a law eleven years ago last July. Although this measure for the certification of land titles and the simplification of the transfer of real estate went into effect in 1897, it was only last February that the first decree for registration of title under this act, was granted by a San Francisco judge of the supreme bench.

As the foundation of the Torrens system is a decree quieting title, it also provides a starting point for the registration of titles under the statute for that purpose. To those not familiar with the workings of the law, it may be said, briefly, that its purpose is to put the transfer of real estate upon exactly the same plane as bonds or stocks, so that the title, once registered, may be transferred by the cancellation of one certificate, and the issuance of a new one to the purchaser. As the San Francisco Recorder has pointed out:

Such a system would also make it easier to put up real estate as collateral for a loan. If a man wants to borrow money on stocks or bonds, he deposits his certificates or the bonds with the lender as security; the Torrens system makes land just as available and as quick an asset as any form of personal property. The cost of transferring a piece of property, often a serious drawback to poor people, is greatly reduced, and a feature of the system, unfortunately, not as yet included in the California law, is the state's guarantee that the title is perfect, which guarantee is supported from a fund created by a very small tax upon the purchase price or value of the property on each transfer.

Does anyone suppose that Mr. Thompson will stir a hand to amend the Torrens act, so as to include the state's guarantee of title, now lacking? It is notorious that the title companies are strenuously opposed to the operation of the sys-

tem, because, of course, it will mean the cutting off of their big incomes, once it goes into general use. Transfers of titles cost the people of Los Angeles county about \$200,000 a year, under the present expensive method. It is absurd that titles have to be searched every time they pass and that the charges should be so excessive for the little work required.

We believe there is a company formed in San Francisco to relieve the property owner of going into court to obtain a decree, to get which a heavy bond is required. Naturally, the abstract companies will not furnish the bond, hence the system lags in operation. It is only a question of time when the San Francisco company, working under the Torrens act, will extend its field of operation and Los Angeles is bound to be next in line when it does. But if legislation is required to help render the system more popular and easier of application to present needs, it is a certainty that Mr. Thompson will not aid in the movement. It is folly to elect a man, practically retained by the opposition, and expect him to serve the people first. Let common sense be applied in this case as in ordinary business affairs.

TAFT SAFE; HOUSE IN DOUBT

BEFORE the next number of The Graphic shall have reached its readers the presidential campaign of 1908 will have been decided and the fate of Taft and Bryan settled, so far as their aspirations to the White House are concerned. At this writing, the country seems to have made up its mind that the Republican candidate is the better choice for the country's welfare; even Indiana is veering around to this way of thinking so that a small, but safe majority for Taft may be expected in that quarter. New York continues to be debatable ground, but with the Republican standard bearer stronger today than he has been at any time since the Chicago convention. With New York, Ohio and Indiana apparently safe for the Republicans, Bryan's case seems hopeless.

Hughes, too, has made appreciable headway in the last ten days; with a majority of from sixty to seventy-five thousand for Taft, in the Empire state, the governor may land a winner. Every sincere citizen should welcome such an outcome, be he of either of the leading political organizations. The election of Hughes would be a triumph for right thinking, for right doing. His conduct, both before and since the national Republican convention, has gained for him the commanding respect of the nation, always excepting the enemies he has made in his own state and they are his crown of glory. Elected or defeated, Hughes will emerge from the contest with an enhanced reputation that will place him in the front rank of the shining lights of the party to which he pledges his fealty.

Reviewing the campaigns of the last thirty years, or since Rutherford B. Hayes contested with Samuel J. Tilden for the presidency, we can recall no quadrennial election that aroused so little enthusiasm among the rank and file voters as the one now rapidly drawing to a close, and the dullness is to be accounted for by the absence of great campaign funds which heretofore have been easily procurable. With no money to spare for the hiring of "spellbinders"; with a dearth of marching clubs, music and other extraneous aids that put "ginger" into a campaign, the apathy of 1908 is a natural sequence. Why the usual funds have been curtailed is attributed to the publicity of contributions promised by Mr. Taft, following the election. Mr. Bryan has gone one better by declaring beforehand who are supporting his candidacy by their cash subscriptions. This has intimidated the big corporations, whose

customary largesse is withheld, fearing they may be placed in the public stocks at a later period and held up to execration as would-be bribees. They prefer to spend their money quietly in electing "representatives of the people," who will take care of their interests when called upon.

Other natural causes have combined to render the people outwardly indifferent this year. The Springfield Republican thinks it is largely due "to the chilling effect upon both the great parties of their respective internal feuds. Parties 'torn with dissension' have less appetite for the common enemy. A sick cat is in no mood to go mousing. An anti-Bryan Democrat or an anti-Roosevelt Republican necessarily faces the situation with the old political grimp taken entirely out of him. What does he care! A man cannot march with enthusiasm to grace the triumph of his most hated enemy." Workingmen are too near the "Republican panic," it is pointed out, to respond with alacrity to Mr. Taft's cry that prosperity is dependent upon his own election. As for the old-fashioned Democrat, the same paper quoted asks, what can he do but sulk, as he contemplates the present opposition trio of Bryan, Hearst and Debs, while Mr. Taft at the same time promises to "clinch" the Roosevelt policies?

We see no reason to change our belief, enunciated several weeks ago, that Mr. Taft will have a safe majority at the polls next Tuesday, but with the house decidedly in doubt and with the probability of having a small working Democratic majority. For that outcome the Republican leaders will be wholly to blame. With the reactionary, standpat Sherman thrust forward as the vice presidential candidate—a cheek-by-jowl intimate of the obscene Cannon—and so far forgetting what was due the country as to make speeches in Cannon's district in the attempt to save the speaker from impending wrath; with the knowledge that four years ago the Republican campaign managers were found receiving financial favors from Standard Oil and other entrenched trusts, for the taking of which as a fee, while holding public office, Senator Foraker has been properly excoriated; and for the insincerity of the platform in regard to tariff revision, the sovereign people are likely to express their displeasure November third in the manner indicated.

ANGLO-AMERICAN POSTAL CHANGES

BEGINNING October 1, the new rate of postage with this country and Great Britain went into effect, reducing the tax from five cents to two, a state of affairs highly gratifying to our British cousins who, barring Australia and Rhodesia, now have universal penny (two cents, American) postage, practically throughout the entire British empire, and the United States. That the two English-speaking countries conduct an enormous correspondence with each other is proved by the annual report for 1908 of Great Britain's postmaster-general, Mr. Sydney Buxton, who shows that British correspondence with the United States outweighs that with any other state or colony, amounting to nearly a million pounds of letters and post-cards, as against 806,000 exchanged with Germany, and 775,000 exchanged with France. The colony which comes highest in the table is Canada (with Newfoundland); here imperial penny postage has brought the weight of letters exchanged to 691,000 pounds. It is obvious, then, that in reducing the postage to the great transatlantic republic, Mr. Buxton has conferred upon the corresponding public the greatest boon in his power, and applying the same method of reasoning to this side of the Atlantic, congress has conferred equal benefits on the American corresponding public, by installing the new rate. In fact, a greater benefit, since the correspondence from this side, across, materially exceeds in bulk, letters, postal cards, book-packages, circulars and other forms of communication received.

Past experience shows that whenever postal charges are reduced, a big increase in the postal business follows. This is particularly true of Great Britain, as that country has had abundant

opportunities to prove in the last decade and it is also our experience in this country, as witness the enormous increase in correspondence when the domestic rate of letters was reduced from three to two cents. In the campaign for a two cent rate to Great Britain, former Postmaster-general Wanamaker took the initiative, strongly favoring the proposed reduction. This also was the attitude of Postmaster-general Meyer, whose recommendations, made public in July, 1907, seem to have had a convincing effect on congress.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS REVIEWED

WITH fourteen amendments to the state constitution and three acts confronting the voter it is inevitable that scant justice will be accorded them, in the main, when entrance to the booth is gained for the purpose of exercising one's sovereign privilege, November third. A few suggestions to readers of The Graphic at this time may be in the light of welcome advice to those who have lacked the time or, possibly, the inclination to give the proposed amendments the attention they deserve.

With the principle of separating state and local taxation, embraced in amendment number one, The Graphic has no quarrel, but as we have argued at length in these columns, heretofore, a number of changes in the proposed statute are necessary in order to protect the people from invidious taxation. Two years hence—if the proper amendments to the amendment are made by the next legislature, meanwhile—there should be no objection to its adoption, but in its present form we believe amendment number one should be defeated.

If amendment number fourteen fails of ratification it will be due solely to the clause fixing the salary of the lieutenant-governor at \$4,000 a year. The duties of that office are not onerous; only when the legislature is in session is the vice-governor called upon to perform any duties. With the sine die adjournment of the senate, demands upon his time cease for two years, unless a special session is called. The per diem now allowed is ample recompense for the honor. As to the increases proposed for other state officers they are not unreasonable and in no instance excessive for the great state of California to pay its competent public servants.

Senate amendment number sixteen, relative to the length of legislative sessions, compensation of the members of the legislature, and limiting expense of employees of both the upper and lower houses, is for the best interests of the commonwealth and ought to carry.

Vote, yes, on amendment number twenty-six. It repeals a law which theoretically is good, but which has been proved bad in actual practice. In its workings a borrower occasionally is forced to pay in excess of the lawful tax, according to the demands of the lender and the straits of the applicant for a loan. In addition, it has been found to retard the sale abroad of California bonds or mortgages. The law should be repealed.

Number twenty-nine relates to state indebtedness, stipulating an arbitrary sum which the legislature must not exceed in incurring liabilities, except under extraordinary conditions. There is no objection to its adoption.

Number thirty-one relates to the extension of legal existence of corporations, other than the quasi-public ones. It is proposed to give such corporations a fifty-year life upon application, in due form. The only objection we can see is where certain banks or other private concerns are enjoying charters obtained at an early period in the history of the country, that would not be granted in these enlightened days. Otherwise, the amendment is safe. The extension does not apply to railroads, water, gas or electric light companies, but is intended to govern private concerns only.

Like amendment number sixteen, is number thirty-two in its beneficial results to the tax-

payers. It limits the total expense for officers, employees, and attaches of either legislative branch and should be ratified.

Number thirty-three pertains to the liability of stockholders of a corporation for debts contracted and incurred. It should be adopted.

Number thirty-four relates to lotteries and to fictitious sales of corporate stock. It is good legislation.

Number three is all-important to the people, providing as it does for a direct primary election law. By all means vote yes.

Number seven relates to compensation of grand and trial jurors. No objection.

Number eight relates to public schools. The amendment is unfair to counties having no kindergartens and as it is taxation for them without education, is invidious and should be repealed.

Number twenty-four pertains to the state board of education. Its worst feature is the provision requiring the printing of text books by the state. There are other objections which seem to call for the defeat of the proposed measure.

Number twenty-eight relates to the approval and retention of bills by the governor and the exercise of the veto power. No objection.

We have previously denounced the proposition to change the seat of government from Sacramento to Berkeley. It is not in the interest of the entire state and should be discounted.

According to resolutions adopted by the San Francisco chamber of commerce, both the "Seawall act" and the "India Basin act" are not approved by that representative body, which recommends instead the adoption of amendment twenty-nine, providing for the issuance of bonds for a term of seventy-five years. This, also, is the view taken by the Shipowners' association, the Merchants' exchange, the board of trade and the Commonwealth club, whose arguments satisfy The Graphic that both the "Seawall act" and the "India Basin act" should be defeated. To recapitulate: Vote, No, on—

Amendment number one.

Amendment number eight.

Amendment number twenty-four.

Act to change seat of government.

San Francisco Seawall act.

India Basin act.

Eleven of the proposed amendments, then, are worthy of support. The three named, and the three proposed legislative acts should be negated.

PERKINS, AND A PROTEST

BY THIS TIME the wise voter is fairly cognizant of the fact that George C. Perkins is slated by the Man Who Issues the Orders for renomination by those who take them, at the forthcoming session of the legislature. Only a landslide for the Democratic candidates can defeat the senior senator, whose crowning indefensible act was his recommendation to the President of state senator Muenter to the best-paying, as it is the most responsible, federal office in the state, that of collector of internal revenue at San Francisco. Muenter, as we have several times stated, is a henchman of Perkins from the Stockton district, whose reprehensible conduct at Sacramento two years ago subjected him to the deserved criticism of his legislative colleagues.

Illiterate and with little regard for what was due the state's lawmaking body, it is inconceivable that Muenter should have been selected by Senator Perkins after the Stockton man's disgraceful actions at the last legislative gathering, but he had voted twice for Perkins and his unfitness for office cut no ice with the northern politician. In recommending him to the President for appointment, Senator Perkins stultified himself and grievously outraged the dignity of the state.

For this action alone George C. Perkins has earned the contempt of all self-respecting Republicans and he deserves to be defeated. The only way to rebuke him is to vote for the Democratic candidates for the legislature, in both houses. We realize that in Southern California it is

hopeless to expect the election of sufficient Democrats to overcome the Republican organization's majority, and yet a protest of this nature is surely due. We should be false to our principles if we remained silent over this defection of the senior senator from California. The only way to maintain the Republican party in power is by repudiating those who have been honored by it when they prove derelict.

It is this which prompts us to criticize in a similar candid manner the shortcomings of the party in regard to its truckling to the entrenched trusts, to its approval of a high tariff that is robbing the American consumers of many millions of dollars annually, which go into the pockets of the few. Unless those within the party cry out against such cancerous growths, and by demanding their effacement, succeed in removing the blemishes from the organization, its downfall will be soon and certain. There will be no need of a Socialist party of protest, if the Republicans pay true heed to the welfare of the entire nation.

GRAPHITES

If Delaware decides to cast her electoral vote for Bryan it will likely mean the triumph of Dr. Rowland G. Paynter, candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket, and in that event, if he keeps faith with one of his "spellbinders," he will be a candidate for the ranks of the Benedicts. In a speech in Sussex county, the Democratic candidate for congress publicly announced that if Dr. Paynter was elected he would marry a girl from the county giving the largest Democratic majority. To this bribe he added: "And from the county giving the second largest majority, Andrew C. Gray, Democratic nominee for attorney-general, will select his bride." As both candidates have agreed to stand by this pledge the girls living in a nominally Republican county, to whom the two politicians have shown more or less attention, realize that if they would be in line they must either change the political aspect of their home borough or prepare to move into a Democratic stronghold. No wonder feminine Delaware—the unmarried portion—is shaken from Wilmington to Roxana by the hanging up of this prize award.

Rev. Harold Arrowsmith, rector of Trinity church, Lenox, Miss., is being criticized because he delayed the Sunday morning services recently long enough to order the reporters out of the sacred edifice. It appears that the foolish managing editors of the Lenox dailies had been in the habit of assigning reporters to take the names of guests of regular worshippers, and picturing their departure from the church, as if, remarked the disgusted divine, it was a regular "fashion parade." We do not agree with a New York contemporary, who writes down Rev. Arrowsmith as an ass. To the contrary he is to be commended for his attitude in rebuking the stupidity and bad form of those responsible for the silly practice. It was not the reporters who were to blame, but those who sent them, just as is true of fool stunts to be noted locally occasionally, and for which the bedeviled reporters are anathematized. In future it were well to condemn the "higher ups" when an inclination to berate reporters for their supposed folly is upmost.

Life has been hitting off the idiosyncrasies of its New York daily contemporaries in whimsical verse, which suggests that Los Angeles has a sextette of dailies offering material for versification. Here is an attempt to do the group of morning and evening papers justice:

I

With news well classified and plenty of it,
With advertising yielding envied profit;
Riding a hobby with a thundering trot,
Pompous and certain, whether right or not;
Narrow in outlook; of new ideas chary;
Wedded to tariff wrongs; reactionary;
Minus of humor; clubs its usual choice
Of argument, to still protesting voice;
Consistent never when a hapless wight
Its ipse dixits dares to put to flight;
Great on occasions; sordid, cheap and mean,

Per contra, prove its littleness and spleen;
Prone to vulgarity in touting crimes—
These are the salient features of The Times.

II

A freakish organ, with a dash of malice,
Its output to be viewed cum grano salis;
A picture gallery of indifferent art
To wrench a Ruskin-lover miles apart;
Of principles devoid; with nothing daunting,
Its ribald hands from sacred matters flaunting;
Obsessed by ego, which on every page
Betrays its owner's self-exploiting rage;
Not Kaiser Wilhelm in his flights of bliss
By any stretch of fancy equalled this;
A charlatan, a mountebank in print,
Emitting stories of a saffron-tint;
This is a paper of all types the worst,
Ye-clept Examiner—a spawn of Hearst.

III

Tossed to and fro on seas of troubled ink,
By divers sponsors held above the brink;
Its constant changes keep the public guessing
What principles it really is confessing;
Inclined to progress, but deprived of wings,
And held in tether by its secret strings,
It fain would break the sordid chains that bind
And leave its present handicaps behind;
With this accomplished, efforts, now in vain,
Would place the paper on a surer plane,
For, with its shackles truly cast aside,
A golden vista would be opened wide;
And from despair the Herald would arise
To longed-for heights in journalistic skies.

IV

Smug of deportment, keeper of our morals,
Probing the depths as divers search for corals;
Revealing vice to minds that little dreamed,
With what revolting sights a city teemed;
Well-meaning, doubtless, but with methods coarse,
And rendering readers dubious of the source;
A rich man's plaything, swayed by passions crude,
Blind to the good in Father Adam's brood;
Anxious to help, but scarcely knowing how,
And crying out, "I'm holier than thou!"
Sainted by fortune, like the one who'd fain
Pay for the past by charities amain;
Thus the Express, of Pharisaic ways,
Which, seeing only vices, groans and prays.

V

No false pretenses knows the little sheet
That first at noontime bursts upon the street;
It caters, honestly, to unformed minds,
Which, in abnormal doings, solace finds;
Twelve-fingered children, calves with double tails,
Horses with horns and horrors on the rails;
These are its stock-in-trade with which to take
The trembling penny from the half-awake;
Sprightly in tone, good tempered, not a prude,
What matters if its pabulum is rude?
Take it or leave it, there are those who think
No better paper smells of printers' ink;
For these the Record is a joyful brew—
Each to his dish or, chacun a son gout.

VI

What shall we say of that which bears the name
Of one that made a daring bid for fame?
Revived in name alone, for vain the grope
Within its pages for the old-time scope;
Its parentage by many held in doubt,
Time may its critics put to utter rout;
Whether its mission is to point the way,
To license-methods or to "dry-town" sway,
Let the unfolding of the future tell—
So it be fair and frank, we wish it well;
Too early yet its proper worth to prize,
When its attains its anniversary size,
Then may we better know if we would choose
To drop all others for the Evening News.

It will grieve the judicious to learn that a new craze in Philadelphia is the stamping of one's thumb-mark on notepaper, in lieu of a monogram. The engraving is done in gold and silver and the marks are said to be surprisingly picturesque. With painful recollection of numerous

thumb marks on treasured volumes lent in the past to thoughtless or careless readers, we cannot pretend to hail with acclaim similar sign-manuals or signs manual—whichever is preferred—on stationery, either coming or going. It may be picturesque to those gifted with powerful imaginations, but it is too suggestive of an absence of soap and water to appeal strongly to the prosaic mind.

One of the most interested attendants at the recent international tuberculosis congress at Washington, was Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow, of this city, who was awarded a silver medal for a model of one of his highly approved cottages at the Barlow sanatorium in Chavez ravine, near Elysian park. The savants assembled were greatly taken with the plan of construction which permits patients to be under a roof and still out of doors, three sides of the cottages being open or under screen, thus permitting the occupant to have as much air and sunlight as if he were actually out of doors, with none of the discomforts. Of course, such a design is possible of utilization only in Southern California or Arizona, where the salubrious climate works with the physician in the recuperation and cure of the sufferer.

El Centro is putting on airs—not desert airs, either. Imperial's county seat contest case has been dismissed, by the appellate court, which leaves El Centro in undisputed possession of county seat honors. The election was held August 6, 1907, and resulted in a victory for El Centro. Imperial protested, and began suit to declare the election null and void, charging fraud. In commenting upon the outcome, Editor Howe, of the Standard, says he was not a party to the transaction and intimates he was not in sympathy with the suit, philosophically adding, "The Standard long ago learned that the most foolish of mortals is he who fights a lost cause." In addition to its county seat victory, El Centro has a brand new sixty-thousand dollar hotel and an equally brand new daily paper. There'll be things doing in Imperial valley this winter!

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

Governor Gillett proved a poor advertisement for the balmy air and the health-giving qualities of the "Land of Sunshine." He returned north this week with a very sore throat and Monday night was forced to stop speaking shortly after he had commenced his address before one of the few well-attended political meetings of this campaign. His physicians have not ordered him off the stump, but hope that he may be able to fill some engagements at the end of the week.

These are the days when you can hear almost any estimate of next Tuesday's event. At Republican headquarters, Gen. Stone, chairman of the campaign committee, is wearing the most confident of smiles. He says that if reports from different counties in the state were to be accepted without discount, Taft and Sherman would carry the interior of California almost unanimously! Here the orators at least are attracting some attention. Tom Fitch, he of "the silver tongue," has been specially imported and is speaking every night. Sam Shortridge is to be the Republican's big card at the end of the week. California is regarded as so safe that in the closing days of the campaign it was not deemed necessary to draw on anything but home talent.

On the other hand Capt. Richard Pearson Hobson is the special messenger from Lincoln, Nebraska, to warn California of her deadly peril, unless Bryan is elected. Every night the dauntless hero is embroiling the United States in war with Japan. He has discovered "Japanese military clubs in possession of ten shooting galleries right over in Oakland" and declares "the little brown men are platting your harbor and surveying your roads; they are buying gun barrels and forging cannon and cornering the torpedo supply of the world."

"Why doesn't the war department do something?" asked an auditor in shivering tones at Hobson's meeting the other night.

"Why don't they?" echoed Hobson, heedless of syntactical rules, "the president did his duty

when he sent the fleet here, but why does he recall it and leave you defenseless just as he goes out of office and scoots off to Africa?"

Hobson and Bryan alone can save the day.

* * *

Timothy J. Spellacy, of Los Angeles, must be a cheerful person. He has been here this week and has warmed the cockles of the Democracy's drooping heart. Some of his conclusions and prophecies may be new to Los Angeles. He says: "The Democrats of Southern California were never so well organized as they are in this campaign. They are thoroughly united. We will surely carry Los Angeles city, and make a big slash in the Republican majority in country districts. It will be the same story in other counties of Southern California. We will make immense gains everywhere. The Republican politicians, who are predicting a Taft majority south of Tehachapi, are putting themselves in line for a great disappointment." Alas and alack! some of the Democrats here have not forgotten the message of John T. Gaffey, eight years ago, when a million or so bleeding Texans, who had settled near Garvanza, were to overturn Republican tables!

* * *

Among the interesting personalities on their way to Southern California, well in advance of the hibernating tourist, is Upton Sinclair, the young Socialist crusader. Sinclair hopes to explore the promised land before the scenery is obscured by "the melancholy rich gazing on each other." After passing a few days here, where he has been both lionized and lampooned, he goes to Carmel-by-the-sea to pay a visit to his friend, George Sterling, the poet. He expects to buy a horse at Monterey and thence to ride down the coast to Los Angeles. So you won't see this amazing young man for several weeks yet, and he will not stand by Gaylord Wilshire's side at next Saturday's Socialist rally, as advertised. The man who wrote "The Jungle"—a book which is said to have cost the packers fifty million dollars—is extraordinarily youthful, both in appearance and manner. He does not look a day more than two-and-twenty, but he assures me he is in his thirtieth year and is the father of a boy seven years old. His mind is as fresh as his face, and his enthusiasm is unrestrained.

* * *

Sinclair lays his conversion to Socialism to the gospel of Gaylord Wilshire, the eccentric but amiable person, who ten years ago combined a billboard monopoly in Los Angeles with the pastime of riding from Central park in the patrol wagon. Wilshire was never so happy as when he could induce the police to arrest him or could irritate the Times into a diatribe against him. He founded Wilshire's Magazine in Los Angeles, then calling it The Challenge, a weekly publication. The venture was so expensive that eventually he disposed of his billboard monopoly and of much valuable realty. When he moved his publication to New York, the postal authorities interfered with his activities, and for a time he transferred his plant to Toronto. But he made capital out of his martyrdom, and Washington made peace with Wilshire. For years he has been known as the "millionaire socialist," which appears to have been more of a promise than a threat, because after sinking a considerable fortune in the propagation of his creed, he has discovered several gold mines, one near Bishop, in Inyo county, which promises the Socialists all the campaign funds they will need in 1912, and more in South America, which may put him in a position to dictate terms to John D. Rockefeller, before the dawn of the millennium. Wilshire and his old war cry "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," accompanied by a charming and cultivated wife, his two year old son and heir, and a valet, will arrive in Los Angeles toward the end of the week.

* * *

With the return of the Emporium, the largest department store in San Francisco, to its ante-fire habitation, Market street is itself again. The days of Van Ness avenue as a shopping center are numbered, and the future fate of that splendid thoroughfare is a matter of speculation. In another six months Stockton street will once more form the eastern boundary of the city's first-class shopping district. The return "downtown" of the straggler has only been delayed by high rents. New Year's eve is to mark the return of Market street to its former glories with an unclipped celebration.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, October 29.

BY THE WAY

What May Be Expected

Before another issue of The Graphic shall have reached its readers the political campaign will be history, with the votes all counted, and the several aspirants for office at ease, at least so far as Los Angeles is concerned. And as the time is at hand for the end of the agony, an attempt will be here made to forecast in an intelligent and unprejudiced manner the possible outcome in Los Angeles city and county.

Reduced Majority for McLachlan

Beginning with the fight for supremacy in the Seventh California congressional district, the outcome appears, at this writing, (Wednesday) as if there were little or no doubt of the re-election of James McLachlan, although his Democratic opponent has given the incumbent something of a scare, as was intimated in this column would be the case, more than a month ago. Were this not a presidential campaign, and had Jud Rush unlimbered his political artillery about two months before he actually got into the running in earnest, the result might have proved altogether different from what is likely to be the outcome next Tuesday. As it is, McLachlan's vote will probably show a marked reduction from the 11,000 majority of 1906.

Standpatters Must Go

In spite of McLachlan's waning strength in the last two years, the Soldiers' home vote and Pasadena will keep McLachlan on the job through another term. After that, unless the new congressional apportionment places him in a district outside of Los Angeles, or the incumbent mends his much broken fences, he is pretty certain to be tied to his former law practice in Los Angeles. His place on the River and Harbor committee has saved McLachlan his congressional position for years. That, however, is almost worked out as an argument for keeping him in Washington as a member of congress. As a standpatter he is doomed. So far as Jud Rush is concerned, he has created a favorable impression and his largely increased vote over that polled by Laucks two years ago probably will place him in line for renomination two years hence, with more than a reasonable chance of success at that time, particularly if McLachlan is pitted against him.

Vote on Judges May Prove a Surprise

Coming to the superior bench, I think it is fairly safe to assume that Judges Curtis D. Wilbur, Nathaniel P. Conrey, and Charles Monroe, in the order named, may get another six years' term. As for Frank Willis, former deputy district attorney, who is making a canvass for the seat so long occupied by the late B. N. Smith, he is handicapped in the campaign by the efforts that will be made to singleshot in the interest of Albert M. Stephens, the lone Democratic nominee. But the country precincts are so overwhelmingly partisan and so fiercely Republican in a presidential year, that although Justice Stephens' friends have a good argument in his behalf, the "straight" tickets are likely to defeat him. However, if he is elected, it may not be Willis who is left outside the breastworks.

Pridham Has Best of It

So far as aspirants for the board of supervisors are concerned, three are to be elected at this time, and indications point to the success of the Republican nominee in every instance. At one time it looked as if Anthony Schwamm of Mayor Harper's fire commission might pull through, but his chances appear to have gone glimmering, although there are scores of voters in the First and Eighth wards of Los Angeles, and in the upper San Fernando valley section who have wagered small sums of money that the Republican nominee will be defeated. In South Pasadena where the Republican nominee Pridham, has a residence, his friends will try to offset the big Democratic vote expected from the Eighth ward in this city, and the First ward also is likely to give Pridham a plurality. This will transfer the fight to the San Fernando valley, and to Glendale, Tropico and the adjacent sections. Schwamm has a chance, but the odds would indicate that the Republican aspirant will land with votes to spare.

Woollacot a Good Vote Getter

In the Second district, the Republican aspirant has not created much of a stir, but as the district is Republican by about 4,000, there ap-

pears to be but one outcome next Tuesday. At the same time, H. J. Woollacot is so well known as a heavy tax payer, former banker and pioneer resident of the city, that he is certain to poll a handsome vote. In the Fourth district, the Republican candidate has the Soldiers' home vote in his active support, and as the district is nominally Republican by about 3,000, the Democratic opponent's chance is slim.

Their Votes Already Cast

Los Angeles county at this election will send two new members to the state senate, and select nine assemblymen. There are three holdover senators. The big prize at Sacramento next winter will be the United States senatorship to succeed George C. Perkins. But as that little matter was all settled by the leaders long ago, the two houses might as well not convene at all. In that event the state would effect a large cash saving and much valuable time.

Transue Possibly a Loser

With indications favoring what may prove a solidly-Republican delegation of members of the two houses from this county, there is slight chance for anything like improvement in conditions at Sacramento as they have obtained every two years for nearly a decade or longer. Phil A. Stanton, Republican assembly aspirant from the Seventy-first district, is to be the speaker of the lower house, according to the present program, relegating to the rear, for the time, J. P. Transue, of the Seventy-third district, at present speaker pro tem, who by the way, is meeting strong opposition in his candidacy for re-election.

Murasky versus Melvin

Attention is paid elsewhere in this issue of The Graphic to the proposed amendments to the state constitution to be voted upon and they, with the above, including also the candidacy of Henry A. Melvin, as successor to the late Associate Justice McFarland of the Supreme court, constitute the chief features of the approaching election. Opposing Melvin is the Democratic nominee, Judge Frank Murasky, of San Francisco, who is said to be especially well equipped for the position. Judge Melvin is serving out the term just now by gubernatorial appointment. He is said to be Mr. Herrin's personal choice for the place; Southern California's candidate was ignored for the Oakland man.

Hearst's League Not a Factor

Mr. Hearst's Independence league will not make the showing in Los Angeles that was registered for W. H. Langdon for governor two years ago. The Socialist and Prohibition vote in this county will be somewhat larger than that noted in the presidential campaign of 1904.

Dr. Lobingier's Gift of Oratory

I am so used to the versatility and cleverness of Los Angeles physicians that I can hardly say I was surprised at a recent luncheon, given jointly by the local branches of the Society of Colonial Wars and the Sons of the Revolution, to hear from the lips of Dr. A. S. Lobingier, one of the loftiest and most inspiring responses to the toast "The President," it has been my privilege to listen to in a long time. It was not a set speech, either—there was nothing of formality about the luncheon—but the earnest yet easy utterances of the speaker appealed strongly to my sense of the fitness of things. It was over in three minutes, but in that space of time Dr. Lobingier had impressed the score or more of men about him as few three-minute post-prandial talkers are capable of doing. He sat down exactly at the right moment, leaving his hearers thrilled and elevated by his tribute—not to the man, but to the office.

In Honor of Colonel Collins

At this same luncheon, held at the Hollenbeck cafe last Saturday, at which Arthur Burnett Benton, one of our leading architects and General Frank C. Prescott, shared honors in presiding, the former as governor of the local Society of Colonial Wars, the latter as president of the Los Angeles branch of the Sons of Revolution. Colonel Holdridge Ozro Collins, ex-governor and ex-president of the societies, was sandwiched in between his successors. Each vied with the other in saying good things about the colonel prior to presenting him with hand-illuminated resolutions from each society testifying to the high regard in which the founder of the local branches is held for what he has done for the respective orders. Colonel Collins, who has recently re-

turned from a year's absence in Europe, responded in a graceful speech in which he told of the great interest he found manifested abroad in the two societies, particularly by the librarians of several of the leading continental libraries.

Luncheon a Brilliant Success

Other scintillant speeches "off the bat" were a feature of the gathering. Banker J. C. F. Hull, Captain John H. Osgood, Colonel Thomas F. Cook and Captain Frank C. Prescott, Jr., enlivened the proceedings by a few happy words. Captain Prescott, a replica of what the general must have been at his age, told of the excellent record made by the boys of the Seventh regiment at Camp Atascadero, receiving a high compliment from Colonel Maus in command. For sanitation of their quarters and for excellence in drill the boys led the volunteer guard of the state. Orra E. Monnette, vice president of the society of the Sons of the Revolution again proved his aptitude as a public speaker in a brilliant little address that came to a climax in a burst of poetry. Altogether, the joint luncheon was a pronounced success, to which the witty sallies of General Prescott greatly contributed.

Milo Potter's Big Policy

I understand that for several years what was the heaviest life insurance risk carried in the west, was placed in this city. It appears that when Milo M. Potter first thought of the Santa Barbara hotel project that bears his name, one of the promised subscribers to the building fund stated that he would support the project only on condition that he could become convinced that the promoter would not die and leave his investment in the air. In other words, he insisted that while no better hotel manager than Milo M. Potter lived anywhere, in the event of the latter's death the proposition under discussion might end disastrously for all concerned.

Risk Second to None

That view appeared reasonable enough to several others who were present and in order to relieve the situation Mr. Potter suggested that his life be insured then and there, or as soon as he could be examined for the purpose, in the sum of a million dollars, that being the expected cost of the Hotel Potter and its furnishings. Even with the reduction made by the insurance company Milo M. Potter became a risk second to none other in the United States, or in the world. I believe John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia merchant prince, who was postmaster general in the cabinet of President Harrison, is insured for a larger sum. However, Mr. Potter carried his big policy only a few years, the Potter Hotel company paying the premium, about \$37,000 a year, according to information. The principal has been cut considerably since, but it still requires something of a king's ransom to pungle up the annual premium.

General Otis Heavily Insured

I believe the next largest policy ever written in this city is held by General Harrison Gray Otis, who is insured for the benefit of the Times-Mirror company, in the sum of \$100,000. The risk is carried by the Pacific Mutual. It must be a relief to Mr. Cochran and his associates to see the general back from the hospital safe and sound. There are at least half a dozen fifty-thousand dollar policies in Los Angeles.

Tedious Time at Portland

Of the trial now under way at Portland, of Lee R. Myers, Jeremiah Huntley, Dr. A. H. Hedderly, William H. Smith, and Richard Hynes, charged with conspiring to defraud the government out of public lands, the Spectator declares that it is progressing so slowly that it must be maddeningly tedious to the twelve men who, taken from their business, homes, and friends, are not allowed to have any communication with the world outside the court room. Letters are read as if the world were created merely that lawyers might practice elocution on jurors; questions are asked as if time were no object; and between query and answer a long but spiritless wrangle wearies the jurors. Each member of the jury is constantly watched; he does nothing without the sanction of his guard. The defendants are at large, enjoying a liberty that is denied the men who are trying them.

Alert Los Angeles Lawyers

I believe the Los Angeles defendants are represented by Lawyers John Manning and Mar-

cus C. Lamore, of this city. They are conducting a vigorous fight, using all their ingenuity to prevent the prosecution from getting anything before the jury that has any bearing on the defendants. General Tracy C. Becker and United States District Attorney John McCourt, appear for the government.

Seventy-one Among Six

One of the regular subscribers of The Graphic writes commendatorily of the entertaining "By the Way" story, printed in these columns last week, concerning Maria Valenzula de Ybarra and her remarkable family. He adds: "It will be of interest to your readers to learn that of the ten children born in Los Angeles to Gasper Valenzula, eldest son of Manuel, who came to California in 1782, six married and had issue as follows:

Ramon Gaspar	12
Emiliana	18
Estefana	22
Ignacio	6
Maria	9
Jose de la Luz	4
Total	71

No Race Suicide Here

Almost an average of twelve to each. It will be noted that the female descendants of Manuel were more prolific than the male portion. Emiliana, Estefana, and Maria had forty-nine between them, while Ramon, Ignacio and Jose begot only twenty-two. Emiliana, it will be recalled, was the efficient nurse, or woman doctor, so much in demand by the dongs of the ancient City of the Angels, in spells of sickness. Despite this, she found time to present her lord and master—another Ybarra, an uncle of Maria's husband—with eighteen children. Truly, this family was of the kind to rejoice President Roosevelt's heart.

Doings at the Bachelor Banquet

According to all accounts the Bachelors had a most happy celebration last Saturday night, at the Alexandria, the date set for their annual banquet. With Louis Vetter as chairman, noted for his resourceful mind at the unique gatherings of the Sunsetters, it goes without saying that many and numerous were the "surprises" sprung on the forty-two bachelors present. A rope guard was stretched around the edge of the banquet board and attached to it, in front of each seat, forming a place card, was a Merry Widow "handkerchief," on which was printed the bachelor's name, together with his nom de guerre. For example, "Duffy" Schwartz was yclept "Jerusalem" Schwartz, Karl Klokke was given the prefix "Dutchy," Rob Flint, figured as "Japanese" Flint, and similar sly hits at real or fancied peculiarities provoked howls of delight as the labels were discovered.

Song of the Bachelors

One of the features was a topical song having forty-two stanzas, one for each of the assembled guests. Its rendering by a picked trio of the bachelors was the occasion of much hilarity. There was a chorus to the lyrics that ran something like this, and in which all joined at the close of each stanza:

For we are bachelors gay,
And we fancy the primrose way;
We laugh and we sing and shy at the ring,
And we seldom go home till it's day.

Instrumental music to accompany this delectable ditty, was furnished by Earl Anthony, whose portable hand piano was generously loaned for the occasion. At the conclusion of the forty-second verse, the head waiter brought in a large bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums, which was presented to Mr. Anthony by the chairman, who took the liberty of opening the card accompanying and reading the superscription aloud to his fellow guests. I scorn to divulge the name he announced, however.

Advent of the Danseuse

But Louis Vetter's great card was the introduction of six young danseuse, the coming of whom was heralded long in advance, keying the bachelors to a high pitch of excitement. In response to the announcement, it was suggested that a committee of escort be appointed to bring in the fair dancers, which was done. At the opportune time, with James Slauson in charge, the six bachelors filed out of the room and a general patting of stray locks and straightening of neckties ensued among those left to await their return with the young artistes. Presently, the tramp of measured feet was heard, the folding doors were thrown open, with great impressment, and

the escort appeared, bearing aloft a veiled dais, which was laid with great ceremony, in a cleared space in the middle of the dining table.

"Stung" by the Chairman

"You may uncover, gentlemen," chirped the chairman. The white cloth was gingerly lifted, displaying to the avid gaze of the diners six wax manikins, each about twelve inches tall, dressed in directoire gowns, merry widow hats and other swagger apparel. "Your dancers, gentlemen," announced Louis Vetter, with a grin, and "stung!" shouted Rus. Taylor, with a mock groan. Altogether, it was a merry annual. The hand painted menu cards, furnished by Joe Reichl, were dainty bits of art and the dinner courses all that could be desired. I believe there were fifty-one quart bottles counted by an investigating statistician, following the banquet, but that is a mere detail.

"Nat" Wilshire a Papa

I am glad to add my congratulations to those that are pouring in on "Nat" Wilshire on the advent of a brand-new baby girl at the Wilshire home. Honors rest placidly on "Nat's" curly locks and when addressed as "papa" by the young bachelors at the club he responds with a graceful wave of the hand as he extracts an imported Havana from his case. I understand that a beautifully wrought cradle has been designed at the Republic Iron works, of the lightest flexible steel, which has been delicately upholstered and sent home for the edification of little Miss Wilshire. May "Nat's" hand never grow tired of rocking it—it referring to the cradle, not the baby.

Major Bell's Grim Motto

I am in receipt of an interesting letter from Major Horace Bell, one of the early rangers of Los Angeles, from whose entertaining "Reminiscences," The Graphic, two weeks ago, printed a story of the revolt of Juan Flores. Major Bell is living in Berkeley. In the upper left-hand corner of his note paper, is a steel vignette of a porcupine, whose spines radiate after the manner of a conventionalized rising sun. Underneath, is the grim motto: "Non me Tangito," which we believe is the Latin equivalent of "Keep off my Grass."

New Volume of Reminiscences

Major Bell writes that, in addition to revising and carefully correcting the first volume of his "Reminiscences," he has completed the manuscript and is about ready to publish a second volume, which will be published at an early date. I shall look for the book with the keenest anticipation. The initial volume was what an earnest friend of mine would call "terribly interesting," and I am glad to learn from the author that it was a financial as well as a literary success. If I can, I shall get the major to send me several advance chapters to print by way of whetting the appetite of his possible Los Angeles readers of the book.

Glorious Outlook From Porch

Major Horace informs me that he is living an easy and retired life on the seaward side of the grand old Berkeley hills, about five blocks, northward, on a prolongation of the east line of the university grounds. He says he has the grandest kind of view, being able from his porch to see and count nine counties of California, and sixty miles of the great bay. The latch string, he says, is out, and I shall surely pull it at the first opportunity.

Travesty on Justice

Is it not considerable of an outrage that certain federal prisoners, not citizens of the United States, should be forced to remain in prison for years, pending an appeal of their cases by the supreme court in Washington? To certain of us it always has looked as if the alleged Mexican revolutionists now in the county jail were being persecuted, a suspicion that has become more apparent since a charge of alleged wood stealing was trumped up against one of the men in question. Former residents of Arizona and of Sonora now living here do not hesitate to characterize the incarceration of the alleged revolutionary suspects as a travesty on justice.

City Council Laying up Trouble

Members of the city council are being importuned to create the job of barber-shop inspector, in order, probably, to make for a favorite, an

easy job. With the sad experience of the state that had three such functionaries on the payroll at one time, the powers at the city hall should have learned discretion before this. If, however, Los Angeles must have such an official why not go the limit? In addition to bakeshop inspectors, lodging-house inspectors, restaurant inspectors, forestry inspectors, and a lot of other inspectors, whose inspection is confined in many instances, to the investigation of their monthly salary warrant, give us a livery stable inspector, a saloon inspector, a fire-alarm inspector, and, in short, inspectors for every other occupation in the city, and a few that do business on the outside. Then, in order that the inspectors be made to perform service of value, let us have an inspector of inspectors, who shall dismiss without a hearing any other inspector found doing anything that shall prove he is "on the job."

Vespers

Mellow the light through the stained glass panes,
Soft with the glow of the dying sun,
Ruddy its lance o'er the marble font—
Vespers are whisp'ring that day is done.

Dimmer and dimmer the twilight grows,
Gray lurk the shades at the altar's base,
Darkness sifts silently through the dome,
Hiding the light of the Virgin's face.

Somber-garbed nuns seek their narrow cells,
Lost in the gloom from whose depths they came,
Choristers steal through the stately aisles,
Chanting their praise of the Holy Name.

Flicker the lights on the golden cross,
Tenderly quivers the vesper strain,
Wraith-like the echoes come rippling back
Softer and sweeter the sad refrain.

Fainter the chords of the music sob,
Floating on high till they break and cease;
In from the night weaves the web of dreams,
Into the church steals the thrall of peace.

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

Protest From the "Bulwarks"

I'm the Bulwarks of the Nation—or at least I use' to be;
When men use' to be campaignin' they would tell their faith in me,
Mentionin' in proper phrase that I's the Tiller of the Soil,
Or again in pride proclaimin' me the Honest Son of Toil;
There was long torchlight percessions, there was handshakes an' cigars,
An' sometimes a little fracas where the Bulwarks got some scars.

Why, you take the Hayes an' Wheeler, or the Harrison campaigns—
Then the Bulwarks of the Nation was alarmed of slavish chains,
An' each night I got so worried over all the great alarms
That I slept with one ear open, waitin' for the call to arms;
I had buttons on my garments—an' the buttons all was free!
But there ain't no use a-talking; times ain't what they use' to be.

Why, I gone to daylight rallies where an ox was barbecued.
An' got hoarse an' husky also as I hoorayed an' hurried,
Then thet night I've walked an' shouted, with my torch a blazin' bright,
An' stood up an' heard the speaker talk about the Freeman's Might.
Oh, the old days was the good ones, with the things a goin' fine
An' a fund to meet expenses just to keep the boys in line.

When the man that interrupted rose up with his words o' doubt
Then the Bulwarks of the Nation yelled, "Somebody put him out!"
But today the interrupter asks his question an' sits down
An' the speaker gives his answer—with a smile and not a frown.
Why, if I should want to baste the interrupter on the ear
They would put me in the cooler with no one to get me clear.

I'm the Bulwarks of the Nation—or at least I use' to be,
But today they don't have doin's that have much appeal to me.
Can't they get excited some way? Can't they say: "See where he stands,
He—the Bulwarks of the Nation with his Hard an' Horny Hands?"
They have got to all get busy an' bring things up with a jerk
Or the Bulwarks of the Nation won't get any chance to work.

—WILBUR D. NESBIT.



II. (Continued)

In spite of the slightly satirical allusion to herself, Barbara found no resentment in her heart toward the stranger. Her first thought was a mental query as to why he substituted "would better for "had better." Then, in the flash of time before disclosing her identity to the approaching pair, she saw a man of perhaps five feet eight or nine inches, whose tanned cheeks and compact frame bespoke a lover of outdoors. His abundant black hair was slightly grayed at the temples and his smooth-shaven face showed a kindly mouth above a shapely, firm chin. A pair of steady gray eyes comported well with a nose inclined to the Romanesque, without being prominent. Character and quiet strength were apparent in each lineament. His light tweed suit and Panama straw completed a portrait that in every detail was mentally approved by his critical observer. That he was probably nearer forty than thirty did not detract a particle from this satisfactory survey.

In the half-minute that elapsed while the two walked toward her corner Barbara had managed to get her left foot on the floor and, as the girl's suit case was deposited close by, she stepped forward.

"Pardon me, but I am Miss Morton, and this I know is Margery, Francis' sister."

As she spoke Barbara's face was illumined by one of the adorable smiles already referred to as so perturbing to the bachelor peace of mind. Margery caught the extended hand and pressed it warmly as she responded,

"O, I knew you'd be here, I told Mr. Northrup you wouldn't fail me." Then with a pretty pause, as she recollects they had not met, she hastened to add,

"Miss Morton, this is my father's particular friend, Senator Northrup of San Gabriel."

Philip Northrup woke up in time to bow and express his pleasure. He had been lost in meditative contemplation of that intercepted smile, which had committed its customary depredations. The member from the Thirty-fifth senatorial district, who, as the local papers were wont to declare, never was caught napping "on his feet" on this occasion was almost tongue-tied.

"I'll see you to your car," he ventured, grasping the girl's portmanteau. "In fact, I'll ride as far as Spring street, where you transfer, if you don't mind."

As the trio moved off Miss Barbara suddenly halted. "O, my book! I must have dropped it," she exclaimed.

But Philip Northrup was wide awake by this time and spying the little red-covered volume under the bench, just vacated, handed it to its owner saying, with a smile, "I, too, am fond of Emerson, Miss Morton."

"I knew it. That is," she explained, noting the quizzical expression produced by this remark, "I felt certain you must be."

Again Philip Northrup's features relaxed. "Well I didn't realize that my mental tastes were so plainly indicated," he laughed. "Please describe the tell-tale signs."

But Barbara was not going to betray herself. "Why, of course, a state senator must be partial to an author who writes so entertainingly of public characters. Doesn't he say that great men exist so there may be greater ones? And why shouldn't California have her quota of world geniuses as well as of Emerson readers?"

"Now you are making fun of me," protested Philip as he helped them aboard the car. "That isn't fair."

"Frances declares that Miss Morton is the most conscientious person she ever knew," interposed Margery, as they took their seats at the observation end of the car; "so please don't misjudge her."

Barbara pinched the girl's arm lightly in token of appreciation of her loyalty before she remarked, quietly, "I never was more in earnest, Mr. Northrup."

At Fifth street Philip transferred his companions to a south-bound car.

"We should be glad to have you call, senator," said Barbara just before they separated, "but we are leaving Los Angeles next Friday to be gone

several months and prior to that I am to take my mother to the Montecito valley, where she will remain with friends, while I am away. She and I will be glad to see you in the fall, however."

Philip assured her the invitation would not be wasted and meant to add that he too was leaving the coast for a long-promised tour of the eastern states, his initial visit beyond the Rockies, but just then the car turned into Spring street and the opportunity was lost.

III. North of the Tehachapi

Senator Northrup had been attending a special session of the legislature at Sacramento, called by the governor to consider ways and means to increase the revenues of the state, in order to provide for its growing public needs.

Following the regular session so closely the confinement at the capital had been a strain on the nerves and tempers of the legislators; one would not select Sacramento as a continuous California residence unless necessity compelled. To those living south of the Tehachapi the climate is anything but attractive and Philip Northrup many times yearned for his pleasant home in the San Gabriel valley.

As chairman of the senate investigation committee, appointed by the presiding officer of that body to probe ugly charges preferred against four members from the northern part of the state, Philip had occupied a trying position. All the influence, all the eloquence of the business associates and personal friends of the accused had been brought to bear upon him to prepare a report exonerating his colleagues.

But he had not swerved from his duty. The evidence against the hoodlum quartette was too strong to permit of doubt and although two or three of his committee urged him to be lenient, that they were "good fellows" and didn't realize the gravity of their offense, he stood his ground.

There had been too much "grafting" in the state legislature in the past to overlook this flagrant example, he told his fellow investigators. The public press was a unit in demanding conviction and as the evidence of guilt was incontrovertible he proposed to recommend the expulsion of the disgraced quartette from the senate chamber. Anything less than that would everlastingly reflect upon the upper house, he argued; and his counsel prevailed.

His home papers, with one exception, indorsed the committee's action and warmly commended the efforts of the chairman in his fight for decency and justice. But few knew the sleepless nights that report cost him; of the temptations offered in the way of personal political preferment, of official patronage for his friends and failing that, of threats of reprisals. It was not that he was in danger of yielding, but it chafed his soul to find men high in the business world, trusted public and private officials, urging and begging him to conspire to defeat the ends of justice, to allow criminals to go unwhipped, that they might attain their own selfish purposes.

Echoes of this still remained at the state capital when he returned, in accordance with the governor's proclamation, to attend the special session. In the interim, two of the expelled senators had been found guilty by a civil court and sent to the state penitentiary for a term of years, a sentence richly deserved. But even a convict has friends and many petty slights were offered Philip in revenge for his share in placing the two scamps behind the bars.

Fortunately, the committee to which he was assigned was an important one and he attacked his duties with a vigor that left little time for grieving at man's injustice. Besides, Philip was made of wholesome stuff; he had a consciousness of rectitude of purpose and when certain of his colleagues chanced to sneer at him as a "reformer" he only shrugged his shoulders and ignored their remarks.

But in one colleague, at least, he had a firm and fast friend. Senator Peabody of Santa Clara, was a great admirer of the member from San Gabriel and the hand clasp of the big rancher, together with his cheery greeting, always acted as a tonic on Philip's system.

One Friday morning, toward the close of the special session, Senator Northrup was sitting in committee room examining reports handed in by the secretary of the state charities association. His brain was fatigued from a midnight wrestle with dreary facts and figures whose importance, however, he did not underestimate. In addition, his temper was a trifle ruffled by a slurring comment on his work made by a committeeman reputed to be of kin to one of the expelled quartette.

"Northrup, what ails you, man?" was Pea-

body's query as he gave his friend's hand a hearty shake. "Take my advice and get out of the capital over Sunday. There's nothing doing here tomorrow. Go up to Mt. Tampalais and occupy my cottage on the trail for two days. You'll be alone, with everything handy, and a Chinaman in charge who'll get you up rattling good dishes. What do you say?"

Philip started to demur, arguing the necessity of completing the work in hand.

"Fudgr! that can wait," declared the big Californian. "Besides, your brain will be cleared and you'll do all the better work for the respite. Come, be off!"

It was easy enough to get excused and Saturday morning saw Philip installed in the cosy bungalow which the wealthy rancher had built for the convenience of himself and friends in a grove of live oaks and redwood trees just off the main trail, well up the mountain slope.

Communion with Emerson, a lazy peep into the magazines, Wing Lee's excellent cooking and good cigars helped to pass a restful day so that by 9 o'clock he had regained in part his accustomed poise and began to feel the benison of a great calm. A glorious moonlight that flooded the mountain by 10 o'clock sent him to bed in an ecstasy of delight.

He must have been asleep several hours, two, at least, when he was dreamily conscious of voices, shrieks of women and the hoarse cries of men.

He sat up and listened, astonished, puzzled. What could it mean? What Satan's imps had been turned loose in that earthly paradise to mar the serenity, the beauty of that perfect night?

He leaned forward and drew aside the window curtain. Yes, the trees, the foliage, the whole slope remained bathed in the effulgent light that had so stirred his soul earlier in the evening. What desecrating vandals dared to invade the sanctity of such a place?

He caught the words of a popular drinking song. Pah! What wretched taste to pollute the air at such an hour, under such conditions. He shook his fist at the direction of the sound and invoked anathema on the drunken revellers.

Drunk? There could be no doubt of it! Not one nor two, but at least a dozen men and women were trailing up the steep incline that led past the cottage to the summit, giving vent to maudlin songs, shouting silly jibes, exchanging coarse jokes. It was a moonlight orgy such as Clodia might have headed on the shores of Baiae 2000 years before.

A woman's shrill treble pierced the thin air—stabbed it, Philip mentally decided. Evidently its owner was young, possibly pretty. She was adapting a well-known air to libidinous words the obscenity of which appalled him. His impulse was to take down the loaded Winchester that hung over the fire-place in the adjoining room and turn it loose on the offensive crew.

Yells of approbation, a potpourri of catcalls, shrieks of insane laughter and furious demands for more of the same greeted this abandoned effort. It was as if the spawn of hell had taken possession of the mountain side. Never had Philip conceived of such depravity, such depths of degradation in either sex.

Gradually, the sounds receded. Fainter and fainter they grew as the revellers passed onward and upward. Presently, only the more piercing shriek or the deepest basso yell reached his unwilling ears * * In a half hour more the chaparral had completely engulfed the bacchanals. The night was his again.

But the taint remained. Those ribald lines still permeated the atmosphere, those unwomanly cries still vibrated in his ears. Who were these debased creatures? Why were such wretches toiling up Mt. Tampalais at midnight to usher in the Sabbath at the summit with their obnoxious songs?

Humans? No. Furies, satyrs, fiends, gnomes and demons from the infernal regions, rather, unaccountably let loose from the limbo of their proper environs.

Dregs of the earth? Yes. From the slums of San Francisco, from the vilest haunts of dissolute men and depraved women, they had stolen away to stain and disfigure the beauteous night, to contaminate the pure atmosphere of the mountain heights. Faugh! It was worse than a hideous nightmare.

* * *
At 9 o'clock next morning, from the balcony of the cottage, Philip looked across the intervening canyon above the tops of the chaparral and noted the trail leading downward from the summit. Dejected figures of men and women,

awakening from a drunken stupor to return to their accustomed haunts, were seen descending. Was it fancy or did they really sense the spirit of the mountain that was driving them from a Paradise in which they had no part?

Adjusting the field glasses that he took from a convenient peg Philip focussed them on the trail. Yes, he had no doubt these dispirited creatures were the nocturnal marauders whose advent he had so roundly execrated the night previous. To the glorious scenery all about they gave not a glance; not once did they pause in their mechanical, lifeless tramp down the mountain side. The women appeared shrewish and sallow; the men bear-eyed and unshaven.

As they neared the cottage Philip lit a cigar and leaned against the live oak that commanded the trail * * * His estimate of the night previous was fully confirmed.

IV. On the Road to San Gabriel

Oh, it was good to be home again! Never did the hills seem more attractive to him than this morning when, astride his favorite saddle mare, Philip passed along the old mission road, once trod by the padres, as they journeyed between San Gabriel and the little pueblo of Our Lady of the Angeles. What if the rich green carpet induced by the winter rains was losing its brightness, its freshness! Did he not love the crisp browns that took its place? And everywhere, far as the eye could reach, were the saucy yellow buttons of wild mustard, higher than a man's head, bending and swaying in the breeze that swept across the valley to the Puente hills.

Philip had written to his foreman to have the mare at Los Angeles ready for his coming. He had changed his clothes at his club that he might enjoy the ride in untrammelled ease. His animal was of thoroughbred stock whose jet black coat was only relieved by a white star on her forehead. No horse in the country could equal her single-foot performance, a gait especially affected by Philip. A McClellan saddle and double bridle reins of black leather completed an equipment to attract any lover of good horseflesh.

Long before the advent of the electric road, bringing in its wake real estate speculators and suburban civilization, the saddle had been his customary mode of travel to and from the city. Certainly, there was the railroad, but a stuffy steam car never did appeal to his fancy as a means of conveyance; he was too fond of the open for that.

As he ascended the hill beyond Newton's and looked southward the subtle scent of drying hay greeted his expanded nostrils and the old familiar scene of thousands of hay "bunches," dotting an immense barley field, was outspread. Ever since he could remember this valley ranch had presented a similar appearance each recurring season and as regularly the eager rider had found new joys in its contemplation. He liked the bigness of it all, the gracefully nodding yellow weeds, the green and brown of the hills, the thick, creamy dust under foot; yes, even the dust was a source of joy to this loyal Californian.

As he descended the eastern slope at a dignified walk his thoughts reverted to the new acquaintance formed that day at the station.

"Charming woman," he reflected. "I always did fancy the name of Barbara, too * * * * Curious, how Margery seemed to love her without ever having seen her. * * * * Frances was sure I'd like her. * * * Well, I do. * * * She appeals to all my senses in a strangely comforting way. * * * * I wonder, now, how old she is? Probably thirty. * * *

* Heigho! Here am I at thirty-nine as confirmed a bachelor as there is on the coast. What an addition she would be to a man's home! * * * Then, her smile! * * * Saint Anthony, what a smile! * * * Her—hello! What's up? Steady, Babe!"

Philip's intimate reverie was suddenly interrupted by the advent of a wobbly automobile, which rounded the curve just ahead, seemingly under no control of the excited chauffeur. Its erratic speed, in view of the deep ditches skirting the road, presaged danger to the passengers, an elderly man and two women.

Babe's ears stood erect as she eyed the rapidly approaching vehicle. She danced on her hind feet, refusing to be soothed by her master's voice, plunged at the bit, jumped forward and back, snorted and trembled and ended by leaping the ditch to the south just as the automobile suddenly turned at right angles and plunged into

the ditch on the opposite side, while the shrieks of the frightened women and curses of the chauffeur commingled.

Philip was off his animal instantly, throwing the reins over the mare's head, which she knew was a warning not to stir.

Looking below, a bad wreck met his view. The huge machine lay on its side, its wheels in the air, its chauffeur imprisoned, perhaps dead. The passengers had fared better. The impact had tossed them clear of the car through a barbed wire fence into the pasture land beyond. The old gentleman lay groaning, the women were whimpering, bloody and dishevelled, but apparently with no dangerous injuries. The long brown hair of the younger woman had become unfastened and its meshes enwrapped her face.

Philip quickly reached her side.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, gently.

"No—no—I think not; just scratched by the wire fence and a little bruised—and also badly frightened." Here she gave a piteous smile. "See if my mother and father are safe, please."

He turned in time to hear her mother say, bravely, "I'm all right, Helen, but father is suffering, I'm sure."

"Only shaken up, my dear, only shaken up," exclaimed the old gentleman, between gasps. "I lit on my chest and lost my wind for a few seconds, but except for a bloody nose, I don't think I'm out of the running," saying which he slowly gathered to his feet.

Philip walked over to the machine. In falling it had pinned the chauffeur, whose stertorous breathing proclaimed his senseless condition. All efforts to release him proved futile. He was wedged against the steering wheel.

"I shall have to get help," Philip explained, turning to the three disconsolate tourists. "Remain here and I'll ride to the ranch house, just below, for assistance. I won't be gone long."

Vaulting into the saddle he turned the mare's head toward town and in five minutes reached the foreman's house at Newton's. Hastily describing the accident he had the satisfaction of hearing quick orders given to get out the light wagon and throw the jackscrew into it. "We'll be with you inside of fifteen minutes," was wafted to him as he rode out of the yard.

In his absence Miss Helen had recovered such of her hairpins as were within reach and had gathered her refractory locks into a semblance of order. She had wiped the worst of the dirt off her face, which now presented streaky lines, funny enough under ordinary conditions. Her attempts to present a respectable appearance greatly amused Philip who saw that the girl was undeniably pretty.

"We shall have help in a few minutes," he vouchsafed. "Don't worry, the chauffeur seems to be in no immediate danger of collapse, judging from his breathing."

In ten minutes the road wagon bearing three men came rattling up. They brought a shovel and the jackscrew and soon had the latter in position. Newton's foreman was a handy American. It did not take him long to raise the machine sufficiently to reach in and release the chauffeur, who was still unconscious.

He felt him over carefully. "May be hurt internally," he remarked presently, "but I don't find any dislocations. Here Jim, hand me that flask!"

[To be Continued]

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

John Fox, Jr.'s "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," a Story of Love and Feuds—"John Marshall and Other Addresses"—"Revelations of the Life Beautiful"—Magazine and Book Notes

With his knowledge and love of the mountains, throbbing on every page, John Fox, Jr., in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," has added another tale of love and feuds, first discovered in literature by Charles Egbert Craddock. The particular corner found by these two novelists is as unknown to the world in general, as Jules Verne's unexplored countries, and as medieval almost, as Maurice Hewlett's tales. The adventurers who braved the Indians and took possession of the mountains, upon which four states corner, the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Great Smoky ranges, seem to have dropped out of the ways of progress almost as completely as Rip Van Winkle during his long sleep, and when discovered by Miss Murfree and John Fox, Jr., are as strange as creatures of fancy. They live, undisturbed, the most primitive life of a hundred years ago, their feuds last through generations, their loves are fierce and cruel, their right, the swiftest foot and the surest aim. Plenty of scope here for a novelist's fancy and Mr. Fox has improved his opportunity. John Hale, an engineer, young and eager, climbs a trail to see a gigantic tree, which looks down from a mountain side upon the Gap, a struggling little town where he has come to make his fortunes.

He is there accosted and a gun suddenly thrust under his nose—with an inquiry as to his name and business. Right under the tree and gazing down upon the valley where a thin cloud of smoke shows the presence of "furriers," sits a little girl, a wild thing of the mountains, dressed in red homespun, with bare feet and unkept hair. She sees him and flees leaving a barefoot print in the soft soil under the tree. Her curiosity brings her back to see this strange, new kind of man, who carries a white handkerchief and holds his shoulders up. She decides that he is a raider, come to find the "stills" hidden about, although he is innocently fishing. Creeping nearer in her interest, he discovers her and after a little conversation he asks if she has a father, and where he is. "Hyeh, he is!" drawled a voice from the bushes, and it had a tone that made the fisherman whirl suddenly.

Presto! the story has begun—fights, loves and all, "Devil Judd," the father, is head of the Tollivers, and their enemies, the Palins, are led by equally dare-devil men from over the mountains; they are united on only one point, a set determination to exterminate one another. The little girl, June Tolliver, is educated by John Hale, who falls in love with her. He sends her east and after just a few pages she returns so elegant and refined that she can't demean herself by marrying him! After a number of funerals, hangings and murders it all ends happily, with all that are still alive—satisfied.

Mr. Fox's story seems too intense to be possible until one remembers that only a few mornings ago the press dispatches told of a disappointed lover who shot his successful rival, just as the bride and groom were starting upon their honeymoon; a wild gust of jealous passion such as spoiled the life of Dave Tolliver and menaced John Hale's life. So it is not safe to call any tale improbable or impossible. The real charm of the book and what gives it value, is the atmosphere of the great, lonely mountains that pervades it. There is the scent of the laurel and all the wild loneliness that a sensitive eye would see, recorded in a charming, easy style that makes the book a pleasure. ("The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." By John Fox, Jr. Chas. Scribner's Sons—Fowler Bros. M. H. C.

"John Marshall and Other Addresses"

It is such men as Horace G. Platt, of San Francisco, who do so much toward giving atmosphere and imparting culture to the city in which they chance to live, just as Mr. Platt has helped to do in the northern metropolis which has been home to him ever since he

left Petersburg, Virginia, many years ago. Mr. Platt is a graduate of the University of Virginia and his scholarly addresses, his broad outlook, his many classic allusions and historical references, as evinced in his various essays and speeches, now gathered under one cover, entitled "John Marshall and other Addresses," make delightful reading.

Not since the brilliant addresses of the late James Sager Norton, of Chicago, were published, has a work so suggestive of that gifted lawyer's literary and oratorical talents come to personal notice. Like Mr. Platt, Mr. Norton was a lawyer, to whom the productions of his pen were the fruits of moments spared from an engrossing profession. To carry the similitude still further, Mr. Norton was president for thirty years of the Chicago Yale association, before which body he spoke in prose or rhyme at each recurring annual dinner. In like manner Mr. Platt, as president of the famous Bohemian club, of San Francisco, for a number of years was principal speaker at its midsummer jinks and on other festive occasions, the text of which talks is given in the volume now at hand.

In a foreword Mr. Platt explains that before the San Francisco fire of 1906, he had collected most of his addresses for the purpose of publishing them in one volume, prompted by the modest desire to give them local habitation. But the destructive conflagration not only destroyed the addresses, but wiped out all his possessions, including all his literary and professional work. However, friends in and out of the state aided him in supplying copies of a few of his speeches and the hope is expressed that in the event of another such fire one copy of the "addresses" may escape destruction.

From the opening essay on John Marshall, delivered before the Oregon Bar association, at Portland, February 4, 1901, to the splendid address on "Character," delivered at the University of Nevada, at Reno, September 11, 1908, the 282 pages of the collection teem with noble thought, inspiring language, and sparkling wit. It is impossible in this brief consideration to be invidious, the addresses must be read to be appreciated. Suffice it, that the range of subjects is remarkable, offering as it does, a rich field of suggestion and many quotable passages to California orators suddenly called upon to make response at public gatherings.

His Fourth of July oration, delivered at Sacramento, July 4, 1900, is in a class of its own for patriotic utterances and lofty sentiment; the "Character" address already referred to, is a gem of purest ray serene, filled with uplifting thoughts, and the political address given at Metropolitan temple, San Francisco, October 5, 1900, is replete with argument and sound reasoning, equally convincing today as it was when delivered. Interspersed are thirty shorter essays on as many topics, all well worth the attention of public man, student or just plain citizen. Mr. Platt dedicates his collection to his friend, General Thomas H. Hubbard, "soldier, lawyer, financier." ("John Marshall and other Addresses." By Horace G. Platt. The Argonaut Publishing company. S. T. C.

"Revelations of the Life Beautiful"

Los Angeles is prolific in thinkers of power and writers of no mean ability to crystallize their thoughts into lasting form, and to the already long list of recent worthy contributions to this local literature now is added a book from whose pages shines a pure and beautiful soul.

"Revelations of the Life Beautiful," by M. Evalyn Davis, will appeal to the spiritually-minded, to the searcher after the esoteric in ethical living, to the mental scientist, be he Christian Scientist, or New Thought advocate, Universalist or Fellowships. It is a good book for the quiet hour of meditation on "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely," for that hour when, in the words of the book, "you pause for greater strength to bide the harvest-time of God." The oneness of all life, the kinship of God and man, the omnipotence of mind over matter, the spiritual possibilities of all men are themes in this collection of epigrammatic poems in prose and metrical measure. Of the latter,

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"Earth's Magnets" and "Eros" are most musical and appealing, and over all hover suggestions of Emerson and John Muir.

Photographs of the mountains of California and an autograph portrait of the author, who is well-known to many Los Angelans, adorn this message of peace and strength. ("Revelations of the Life Beautiful." By M. Evalyn Davis. The Baumgardt Publishing company.)

Magazine and Book Notes

Picturesque scenes, which have been replaced by the more prosaic, but also more practical railroad, Stanley M. Arthurs describes in the November Scribner's, "On the Old Boston Post Road." The pretty illustrations in color which accompany the article, are by the author. Paul Wiltbach concludes his intimate sketch of Richard Mansfield in this number. Kenyon Cox illustrates "The Greatness of Raphael" by photographs of the artist's paintings. An ideal hunting trip as described by William T. Hornaday, is the one in the Shoshone mountains, photographs of which are supplied by L. A. Huffman. Fiction is by Mary Heaton Vorse, Helen Haines and Wolcott LeClear Beard, and John Fox, Jr., concludes "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

"Lewis Rand," Mary Johnston's latest novel, published by Houghton Mifflin company is the first work by the talented author since her health broke down four years ago, when she had to stop her writing. While abroad, however, the story was in her mind and was worked out little by little at various stages of her European sojourn.

Lippincott's leads the November number with a novelette by Will Lexington Comfort, "The Viper." Short stories are by Edward L. Sabin, Blanche Goodman, E. Ayrton Zangwill, George Wetherill Earl, Jr., and Mabel Nelson Thurston. Lippincott's leads all magazines in the nice discrimination it shows in the poems it prints. Robert Loveman's "Song of the Mountain," in this issue is a good example of the genuine poetry it offers. Walnuts and Wine department is breezy, as usual.

"Confessions" at Cumnock Hall

Katherine Oliver, a well known Scotch dialect reader, will give a reading on "The Confessions of a Literary Program," Thursday evening, November 5 at Cumnock hall. Her entertainment will consist of readings from a number of authors and she will also give a personal sketch of J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett and the late Ian MacLaren, whom she visited when abroad.

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By Blanche Rogers Lott

Charles Farwell Edson's excellent work establishing Sunday popular concerts is taking root, and there is every reason to expect that such concerts soon will be a distinctive feature of Los Angeles life. In New York, the Herman Klein Sunday concerts are rapidly growing in popularity, and possibly in Los Angeles it may take a few months for the idea to become thoroughly understood, but once a fixture, they will mean much to the city. As is known, the city of London furnishes each Sunday an afternoon and evening concert in every borough.

For the first time on record, California, musically speaking, has been given proper credit by an eastern newspaper. The New York Musical Courier begins an article:

"Adela Verne, a pianist born in Germany, reared in England, and finally successful in California last season, gave her first New York recital at Carnegie hall last Saturday afternoon. California has succeeded in establishing a solid reputation as a place where musical ability is recognized without the aid of foreign reputation or New York and Boston press clippings. Scheel, Dodores, Tetrazzini, and lately Verne, were essentially California 'discoveries,' and each one has justified elsewhere the distinction originally gained on the Pacific coast. Adela Verne, (who is a sister of Marie Wurm, the famous pupil of Clara Schumann) proved by the manner in which she played a difficult and diversified program last Saturday, that our western brethren of the critical quill have made no mistake in proclaiming her an artist with accomplishments far above the average."

Dates of the Lott-Krauss chamber concerts are announced and the first concerts will be given November 12, Thursday evening. The management of these concerts is trying an experiment this season by reducing the price just one half. This is by no means done to cut prices, but for the benefit of students and families. Chamber music is granted to be the highest form of music, but the least known. It took years for Boston seriously to appreciate the Kneisel quartette, and it was finally accomplished by Mr. Kneisel giving his concerts in a large hall at small prices, twenty-three years ago. The history of New York, Chicago and all the large cities has been the same. That a large audience does enjoy a string quartette was evidenced by the way the Krauss quartette was received by the Ellis club audience last spring.

Nowland-Hunter trio will give a program for a private musical next week. It is gratifying to musicians that there are hostesses in Los Angeles who entertain their friends with fine music by professional musicians. This progressive organization will establish the splendid custom of giving a public rehearsal for students, and has engaged Blanchard hall for Friday afternoons preceding the Monday evening concerts for this event. The first public rehearsal will be given Friday afternoon, November 6.

Under the heading of "novelties," the Boston Symphony orchestra will produce this season, under its new conductor, Max Fiedler, Sibelius' "Finlandia," which was given here last spring by the Symphony orchestra. Mr. Hamilton will give a symphony by Sibelius at the third concert this year. We feel sure that Bertram Shapleigh's "Ramayama" suite will be given its first American performance at the first Symphony concert November 20.

We really wonder if there is another country that could or would stand the financial drain of so much music as America. Think of the magnificence of the opera in New York, the absolutely dazzling array of famous soloists, the many fine orchestras of the different cities, and now the Dresden Royal orchestra is to tour the east. A prominent eastern manager says that music is like electricity, is still in its infancy, but rapid advancement

is being made into it. He proves it by stating that little hamlets which a few years ago would pay \$250 for a whole company, now give a course of three concerts and spend \$1,400 for the participants. Towns of ten thousand inhabitants want Nordica and pay \$2,000 a night for her. Women's clubs all over the country should be credited with much from a musical standpoint, for often it is through the efforts of these clubs that long tours of expensive artists are made possible.

In the choral contest at the Salt Lake City Eisteddford, the Denver chorus won the victory. Mr. Houseley, who, by the way, became Prof. Frederick Stevenson's successor at the Denver cathedral, was the conductor. It was also his chorus that was the winner in the choirs of fifty voices at the St. Louis Fair in 1903. Now Denver is so proud that a fund is being raised to send Mr. Houseley's chorus to Wales next year to hunt more prizes, and we are willing to predict it will not be disappointed.

To give sixty-six public organ recitals representing the best music for his instrument, is a first-class record, and Archibald Sessions, of Christ church, should be proud of it. His sixty-sixth program will be given Wednesday evening, November 4. Eugene Nowland, violinist, assisting, and is as follows:

Sonata in D Minor, Op. 42, Guilmant; To the Evening Star, Wagner; Caprice, Wolstenholme; Violin (a) Adagio, Sinding, (b) Romance, Mendelssohn; organ, Fantasie, Emil Sjogren; Finale in B Flat, Caesar Franck.

The number by Sjogren is of special interest for he is a Swedish composer, who is rapidly coming to the front. His songs and two violin sonatas are among the best of modern writing. The Norwegian, Christian Sinding, lives in Christiana, and would be surprised if he saw programs containing his best works, in the "wild and woolly west." Mr. Kopta gave his violin suite most beautifully at his recent recital, and songs and a piano quintette by him will be given at the first Lott-Krauss concert.

Christ church choir will give Gounod's "Gallia," "The Marvelous Work" from Haydn's "Creation," "Sancta Mater" by Rossini, next Sunday evening.

Owing to the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Genevra Johnston-Bishop has been obliged to give up her tour of the world, and has returned to Los Angeles.

All who met Fritz Kreisler and his charming American wife during their last visit here will appreciate the fact that Mr. Kreisler's name was mentioned in an eastern paper as an "American by marriage" among the list of Americans who performed in Berlin early this season.

It is interesting to note that certain of our American classics are being appreciated in foreign countries. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" has been used by Agostini, an Italian, for a new opera, which will be presented this winter.

Thursday evening, Decembtr 3, has been selected as the date for Prof. Richard Lucchesi's vocal and instrumental concert of his own compositions. To Mr. Bierlich, the well-known violinist, of the staff of the Von Stein academy, has been entrusted the task of forming a string quartet, which will perform with Mr. Lucchesi's pianoforte quintet. Mr. Bierlich will also give several violin solos.

New Vocal Club Forming

Richard Lucchesi, of the Von Stein academy staff, is forming a vocal organization of mixed voices, which is to be called the Impromptu club. It will hold meetings at the academy once a week, in the evening, under Signor Lucchesi's direction. It is the intention of the founder to add to the club a pianistic branch and another of stringed instruments, for the purpose of performing ensemble music. Students, desiring to join the Impromptu club, can obtain further information by addressing the secretary of the Von Stein academy. Only good readers will be eligible.

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AT THE LOCAL THEATERS

By George A. Dobinson

Lady Ursula was a young woman, who, according to Mr. Anthony Hope, lived about two hundred years ago, and belonged to the English aristocracy of that period. She was of a wild and wayward disposition, always transgressing the rules of etiquette that governed society in those times, and generally causing her natural guardian much anxiety. Among her escapades is the adventure which is made the subject of Mr. Hope's play, to be seen at the Auditorium this week. Its full title is "The Adventure of The Lady Ursula." The program vandals have chopped out the definite article that belongs to the lady's title; and others of the same kidney will be eliding the same word which begins the title of the play. Well, the adventure consists in the fact that the lady dons her brother's breeches and other articles of male attire and thus arrayed, sallies forth and calls upon a gentleman for the romantic purpose of stopping a duel between the said gentleman and her brother. If she wore her own clothes the play would be divested of its chief interest, but her masquerade during two acts and the attendant whimsical incidents, first pique the curiosity, and then arouse the interest of the audience; so that while the adventure is very light material for a play, it is so cleverly told and the dialogue is so bright, that the audience is entertained until the close. There are but two characters of importance in the piece, namely, Ursula, played by Florence Oakley, and the gentleman she calls upon, Sir George Sylvester, assumed by Lewis Stone. Miss Oakley's disguise is easily penetrated, as indeed is the common case with stage heroines when they don the garments of the other sex.

Who has ever seen a Rosalind that would deceive an every day Orlando? What Viola has ever graced the stage that did not reveal her femininity in her tones and movements, not to speak of certain charming physical indications? In the modern drama the device of such disguise is common enough, and the convention is for the audience to accept the substitution. Miss Oakley, this allowance being made, is a captivating young man in her costume of pale blue satin, and she carries the character through with debonair effectiveness, despising, by the way, the use of high boots such as were affected by Virginia Harned, the first representative of the character in this country. Mr. Stone makes all there is out of Sir George, and plays him with a courtly ease that is in excellent keeping. Mr. Clarke is pokerish as Hassenden. Mr. Farren, as the loquacious Dent, is disagreeably in keeping with his unsympathetic character. Howard Scott makes little of old Blimboe, because there is little to make. Beatrice Noyes is out of the atmosphere of the piece and plays the betrothed of Lord Hassenden as an ordinary little screechy soubrette. Ida Lewis imparts the needed dignity to the aunt, Mrs. Fenton. Acting and scenery as a whole are pleasing.

Good Farce Comedy at Burbank

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram," is a three-act farce, formerly known under the title, "Who's Brown?" It bears a family resemblance to a large number of humorous productions in which the delinquencies of married men and their habit of lying to their wives are used as provocations to mirth. The husband lies, the wife cries, and the audience laughs. The stage picture is realistic, and as the touches of truth reveal the atmosphere of dissimulation in which these pictured people live, the audience grows frantic with delight. Florence Stone as the chief figure in this week's entertainment at the Burbank plays the jealous wife with all the artistic changes, ranging from perfect confidence to wild despair and angry rage. It is a lifelike portrayal, far superior to the acting usually seen in pieces of this kind, and is well backed up by the able help of Messrs. Beasley and Desmond. Mr. Beasley's air of seriousness gives a keener edge to the humor of the situation and proves his worth as a comedian. Contrary to the usual construction of

farces in three acts, the fun does not get tiresome toward the end, but increases so that the last act is more amusing than the others. "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a capital farce, acted by all the members of the Moroso company in the true spirit of humor.

"Tom Moore" at the Belasco

Irish characters and Irish plays there are a-plenty upon the stage, but how few that are free from a gross exaggeration that inspires disgust, rather than amusement. The effort to make that genial and gentlemanly Hibernian poet, Tom Moore, the hero of a drama should be recognized as a step in the right direction, for, at any rate the play that bears his name for its title is simple in its old-fashioned stereotyped story, and clear in its borrowed witticisms. "Tom Moore," as given at the Belasco theater this week, affords Mr. Van Buren a good chance in his personation of the great devotee of wine, women, and song, to show his amiable side to the best advantage and he succeeds to admiration. He is handicapped, to some extent, by the flaxen-haired, unemotional sweetheart assigned to him, in whose temperamental make-up, the Celtic ingredient was obviously left out. The love-making is therefore, rather perfunctory, Miss Taylor's acting having more of the amateur appearance than in anything she has yet done on these boards.

Exalted personages are introduced in this little play with great abandon. The Prince of Wales, by Mr. Bosworth, was, of course, elegantly done, and so far as the head was concerned, might be regarded as a portrait of the celebrated prince of dissolute fame. Ben Graham and David Edwin, sustained the illusion of aristocrat and wit, respectively, but the young man who tried to look the part of Beau Brummel was apparently so uncomfortable in his white satin suit as to be an object of pity. Miss Smythe did not at all suggest the character of Lady Fitzherbert, either in costume or acting, and Miss Eleanor Carey is far too clever in her own distinguished line of work, to make good as a scolding, Irish landlady.

Mr. Glazier is compelled by the author to be a very transparent and weak-minded villain only excelled in spineless flaccidity by the "young Irish gentleman" forced upon Charles Ruggles. The principal gleam of humor is furnished by Richard Vivian as the character so dear to the authors of cheap drama, namely, the faithful body servant, who works without wages and lives on nothing at all. The fact is, that "Tom Moore," as a play, is powerfully weak. Some good singing of the best known of the poet's Irish melodies would go far to redeem the performance, but the introduction of the little choir boy is not sufficient for the purpose.

Honors for Holdovers at Orpheum

New acts at the Orpheum this week number only three, and are entirely overshadowed by the holdovers. Vinie Daly sings well and dances better, and wears several charming costumes. A small boy and a large dog are the only redeeming features of an absurdly melodramatic playlet called "Lucky Jim," insincerely played by Jane Courtney and a small company. The spectacle of half a dozen skeletons doing a weird dance in a black pit prepares one for the unusual, and perhaps that is why the Phantastic Phantoms are disappointing. The skeleton dance is well done, and there are other excellent feats, but the turn lacks speed. The Ushers' little playlet remains a favorite. If Mrs. Usher could be persuaded to cut out Fagan's climax lines about his dear departed mother the act would gain in strength. The comedienne in the Pianophiends still continues to bewail the inconsiderate neighbor who borrowed her only husband and forgot to return him. The droll humor of this girl promises better things for her than a vaudeville turn.

"Royal Chef" at the Grand

With a company of more ability than that at the Grand Opera house, "The Royal Chef" would be a worthy attraction. But with a set of principals given to posing, and with the orchestra



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playing so swiftly and loudly that the music and words become a blur, it cannot be said to offer an evening of unalloyed enjoyment. William H. Conley, who plays Lemphauser, is a comedian of no mean ability, and the best song of the production, "Let Me Go Back," which he sings at the climax of the first act, is given with a judicious mixture of pathos and bathos. Julia Curtiss in the role of Kitty O'Reiley, easily captures all the honors—and they are few—among the feminine contingent.

Offerings Next Week

At the request of many patrons, the Belasco theater will offer an elaborate revival next week of "Old Heidelberg," a play of German college life that has won an enviable position by its clean, boyish humor and pathos. A. H. Van Buren will have his first real opportunity as Karl Heinrich, and Dorothy Bernard will play Kathie. Ben Graham will essay George Barnum's old role of Dr. Juettner and Harry Glazier will play Lutz. The singing of Marquis Ellis and his student chorus will be a feature of the production. Election returns will be read from the stage.

With Florence Oakley playing the demure Mary and singing popular songs; with Lewis Stone as Kid Burns, and the staid members of the Stone-Blackwood company doing erratic stunts demanded in musical comedy, the Auditorium marks a departure from its usual routine next week. George Cohan's success, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," will be given its first stock production by this company, and many and varied are the features promised. Miss Oakley will introduce a new popular song, "You're Just the Girl for Me," which is the work of a young local composer, Weston Wilson.

Sardou, the morbid and cynical, and beloved of the culturines will be exploited at the Burbank next week, when Florence Stone returns to one of her favorite roles in "Cleopatra." With the assistance of Dick Ferris, Manager Moroso is planning a sumptuous production of the play.

"A Knight for a Day," a new musical comedy which won popularity in the east the past season, opens a week's engagement at the Mason Monday evening. Bobby Barry, who will be remembered as "Little Johnny Jones," and Elsie Herbert, head the principals. The songs are said to be tuneful and the chorus above the ordinary.

Five new acts will be offered Orpheum patrons this week, among them the Cadets de Gascogne, who are making their first American appearance. They have a large repertoire of songs. The Saytons, contortionists, appear as alligators in a tropical forest and are

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said to perform the seemingly impossible. Belle Hathaway brings her monkeys, and Alfred Benzon, a local favorite, will offer new things in card manipulations. Sheck & Aldre are gymnasts, and complete the list of new offerings. Holdovers are the Phantastic Phantoms, Vinie Daly and "Lucky Jim."

ART AND ARTISTS

By René T. de Quelin

Friends of A. Sterling Calder, were given the privilege of seeing his fine Celtic cross, at a reception held in his studio Wednesday of this week. We have spoken of the beauty and power of this work before, but a description of it will prove of value and interest to many students and laymen, as such a piece may be viewed again and again with increasing enthusiasm and appreciation. The base and cross together measure ten feet, every part of which is rich in decoration. A figure of the angel Gabriel occupies the central position, on the face of the cross, the relief of which is masterful in execution, especially the wings, that make a strong note of light and shade with the pierced center, an interesting contrast with the lower relief of the armament. The arms of the cross bear symbols of Christianity, the chalice with Christ's monogram on one, and an anchor, as the emblem of hope, on the other, and the three-branched candlestick at the head, symbolical of Christ's church. A sailing vessel at the bottom of the shaft, significant of the naval record made by the one, for whom the cross is intended as a monument, is beautifully executed.

* * *

The reverse side is also quite ornate, other symbols embellishing its parts, a figure typifying "Devotion," being in the center. The eye of watchfulness is upon one arm and an emblem of prayer on the other—a mother speaking. At the head is the bishop's hand in benediction, beneath which appears the serpent devouring itself, signifying the destruction of sin. The ornament is well understood and carried out with much feeling and originality. Mr. Calder cannot be too highly praised for its success. Many other clever and interesting pieces were shown, all attesting to his rising power, and the fuller expression of the real artist.

* * *

G. M. Leonard Woodruff, painter, will hold an exhibition at his studio, 113 Forty-first-street drive, beginning November 9, and continuing two weeks. Mr. Woodruff has for many years, made a specialty of fruit pictures, striving for perfection through concentration, and his success may be measured by the important commissions he has executed. He will show about 35 canvasses in oil color, the subjects being the many varieties of fruit, including melons, berries, peaches, grapes, apricots and plums, in fact, such a selection that those wishing to obtain a fruit picture could not fail to be pleased. They are executed with great sureness and much feeling for color, the character and texture of each kind considered being well portrayed.

* * *

Art and craft jewelry, designed and made by Mrs. May Mott Cunningham, of San Francisco, will form an interesting exhibit at the Gould galleries, after November 1, a large consignment of her most recent productions being expected at that time.

* * *

One of San Francisco's water colorists will hold an exhibition in the Seattle galleries the first two weeks in December. That gallery is now occupied by a general exhibition of oils and pastels.

* * *

Perhaps the largest oil paintings Los Angeles has ever seen, are being executed by A. R. de Rostaing and Edward Lefevre Scovill, for the exposition "Made In Southern California," on South Main street, which will be opened November 14. One represents the Owens river and the prospective aqueduct to Los Angeles, showing all in one grand panorama, the central interest being the Mystic mesa. The other is for the purpose of showing

us the good roads in Southern California. Both paintings are about eighty feet long and fifteen feet high.

* * *

Douglas Tilden, sculptor, of San Francisco, who received the commission for a statue of the late Senator White, several years ago, has executed the work in granite, and the statue is now in place in front of the court house on north Broadway, and will probably be unveiled in November. Mr. Tilden executed the monument of the fallen heroes of the Spanish-American war, erected in Central park, at Fifth and Hill streets.

LUCILLE'S LETTER

My dear Harriet: Do you remember the days when you tucked a neat, black-headed hat pin among your plumes and breathed a sigh of relief that it was safely hidden. And have you watched that simple hat pin expand from an unobtrusive necessity to an elaborately headed spike?

If you wish to see such hat pins in all their glory, go to Blackstones jewelry counter. Long, firm pins they are, with monstrous heads that are elaborately designed? It's a wonder that the police don't forbid them as deadly weapons, but really, you need a crowbar to fasten on the new hats. Blackstones have other charming novelties, my dear—every conceit warranted to please the fancy of the moment. The Directoire necklaces are exquisite things of gold that knot gracefully about the throat and fall, either in pendants or tassels, in the region of your heart. Great amethysts, crafty jades, sullen sapphires and demure corals bedeck these necklaces and lend a most charming heathenish effect to the tout ensemble! And as for brooches and buckles in every conceivable Directoire style, let me recommend you to the tender mercies of Blackstones.

Dressing of the hair has become a problem not easily solved nowadays. Of course the Psyche knot is the thing, and at the Boston Store you will find all the necessary appendages for this article. They have the large rhinestone barrettes, with which to keep in captivity the stray locks at the nape of your neck. From this gorgeousness streams two bands of ribbon which wind about your coiffure and are pinned among your curls. It's rather terrifying to read about, but the final effect is really pretty. The Boston has a full line in the latest novelties, including the Grecian bands, which Geraldine Farrar affects, and the great jewelled pins with which irresistible Billie Burke pins up her bonny red locks. Quaint, high-backed combs of real tortoise-shell, in the new carved effects; pretty tiaras set with rhinestones, jet ornaments that are wee bonnets in themselves; combs of every description and style, and pins which would challenge the glory of Solomon are yours for the buying at the good Boston Store.

At the Ville I discovered the Directoire hand bag—a monstrous thing of soft seal skin, picturesquely shaped, with straps and buckles rambling here and there. There are three compartments to this small-sized portmanteau. Two of them are lined in violet moire, the other in soft grey suede, with a coin purse securely nested behind a barrier of suede straps. Not only does the Ville go in for these ultra-fashional novelties, but it has everything in the more substantial styles, from a wee envelope purse to an automobile bag. Its pig skin bags are unusually handsome creations and come in a large variety of shapes and styles.

Isn't it funny, Harriet, that a woman should don a scanty Directoire gown, pin up her hair with beauteous and barbaric ornaments, perch a baby ari-shin on her Psyche knot and pin it on—the air-ship not the knot—with miniature swords? It's picturesque enough, but—it is to laugh. As ever, South Figueroa street. LUCILLE. October 29.

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PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

MONDAY—Miss Macneil, luncheon for Miss Mary Hubbell, at her home, 2408 South Figueroa street. Miss Kate Van Nuys, 1445 West Sixth street, dinner-dance for Miss Hubbell and Mr. Will L. Graves, Jr.

TUESDAY—Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, reception and musical, Woman's Club house, for her daughter, Miss Fannie Todd Carpenter; afternoon. Miss Nina Jones, Hotel Van Nuys, luncheon for Miss Mary Hubbell. Mrs. Avery McCarthy, Redondo, luncheon for Miss Helen Chaffee.

WEDNESDAY—Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, 940 West Twenty-eighth street, tea. Mrs. Robert W. Poindexter, 225 West Adams street, reception for Miss Poindexter; afternoon. Wedding of Miss Lillian Moore and Mr. LeRoy M. Edwards, at home of bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Moore, 800 South Alvarado street; evening. Wedding, Miss Helen Safford and Mr. Albert McFarland Bonsall, St. John's church, morning.

THURSDAY—Musical, Miss Bessie Herbert Bartlett, Hollywood; afternoon. Mrs. Walter Newhall, dancing party, Country club house, for Misses Macneil and Utley. Wedding, Miss Mary Widney and Mr. Sidney Reeve, Bethel chapel; evening.

FRIDAY—Miss Mary Hubbell, 1000 Arapahoe street, dinner for her bridal party. Wedding, Miss Lucille Walton and Mr. Earl V. Lewis, at home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Walton, 755 West Adams street; evening.

SATURDAY—Annual dance at Kramer's of the Los Angeles High School football team.

Notable among the society functions of next week will be the tea which Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, of 940 West Twenty-eighth street will give at her home Wednesday afternoon. Her decorations will be simple, but effectively artistic, and Mrs. Bryant will be assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mmes. A. C. Balch, W. A. Barker, Eyre Barrow-french, Fred Bixby, Jefferson Chandler, Michael J. Connell, J. E. Cook, W. E. Dunn, George J. Denis, Edward P. Dillon, Frank Griffith, Adam P. Green, Howard E. Huntington, Frank Hicks, Mary Longstreet, Henry C. Lee, J. J. Meyler, Granville MacGowan, Avery McCarthy, John G. McKinney, Walter Newhall, Eugene Pettigrew, Cliff Page, Willoughby Rodman, William Stanton, of Pasadena; I. N. Van Nuys, Jaro Von Schmidt, and Misses Clara Coleman, Mary Clark, Alberta Denis, Echo Allen, Lois Allen, Mary Belle Elliott, Alice Elliott, Helen Newlin, Hannah Hevin, Grace Mellus, Katherine Mellus and Annis Van Nuys.

One of the most brilliant weddings of the season and one attracting widespread interest among a large circle of friends and acquaintances was that of Miss Huston Bishop and Mr. Edward Bosbyshell. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Roland Bishop, the wealthy merchant and manufacturer, and the ceremony took place at their home on West Adams street. Mr. Bosbyshell, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bosbyshell of West Eleventh street, is well-to-do in his own right, is a college man, and a member of several fraternities and clubs. The marriage ceremony was celebrated at 9 o'clock Wednesday evening and was witnessed by three or four hundred friends of the two families. It was a pink wedding and the home was elaborately decorated in blossoms of that shade, intermingled with quantities of ferns and greenery. In the drawing room, where the two were united, pink chrysanthemums were banked artistically against the walls. An altar was formed of the flowers and a railing was effected by the use of ropes of maidenhair ferns. Refreshments were served in a large tent reared on the spacious grounds of the Bishop home. The canvas refectory was banked and massed with chrysanthemums and ferns, and shaded electric lights provided the illumination. Rev. Warren F. Day offi-

cated. The bride, who is a handsome young woman, a tall and graceful blonde, was attired in a gown of old rose point lace, made over white satin in empire style. She wore a tulip veil, held in place by a wreath of orange blossoms and her bouquet was of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. Her traveling suit was a blue serge, tailor-made, with hat to match. Mrs. Burton Green was matron of honor and wore an imported gown of embroidered pink chiffon over silk. She carried a shower bouquet of pink bridesmaids' roses. The bridesmaids were Misses Irene Kelley, Katherine Mellus, Helen Wells, Helen Bosbyshell, Ruth Sterry, and Mary Clark. Their gowns were of draped pink chiffon, trimmed with silver bands and they wore silver ornaments in their hair. Each carried a shower bouquet of bridesmaids' roses. Mr. Olin Wellbourn, Jr., was best man. Following the ceremony a reception was held, and receiving with the bride and groom were Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bosbyshell and Judge and Mrs. Olin Wellbourn. Mr. and Mrs. Bosbyshell will enjoy a honeymoon trip of several weeks and upon their return will occupy their handsome new home at Orchard avenue and Adams street, now in course of completion.

There is no event of more interest in society than the debut of a coterie of pretty, well-reared young girls. Their formal bow made early each season is an occasion of marked importance not only to themselves, but to their parents and friends also, and if at first they look forward to their formal appearance with trepidation, they soon lose such consciousness and in the merry round of entertainments become their natural selves, naive, charming and altogether captivating, until one does not wonder that the bachelors, who annually renew their vows of celibacy, yield to their fascinations and desert the ranks of their fellow-comrades to become Benedicts. This season nearly a dozen young women are to make their debut and they are to be fittingly feted in honor of the occasion. One of the most attractive affairs of the week will be the Hallowe'en supper-dance which Mrs. Wesley Clark will give this evening at her home, 141 Westmoreland place in honor of Miss Macneil, Miss Sallie Utley and Miss Alice Elliott, three of the most charming buds among the several. These young girls are the daughters of Mrs. Clark's most intimate friends and the guests of the evening will include only members of the younger set, the companions of the debutantes. Three brides-elect, Miss Helen Chaffee, Miss Helen Wells and Miss Mary Hubbell will be among the guests, and there also will be present several other debutantes of the season, Miss Andrietta Glassell, Miss Josephine MacMillan, Miss Charline Coulter and Miss Flora Guthrie. Any number of delightful affairs are planned in honor of these young women.

The concluding dinner of the series given for Miss Macneil by her mother, Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, occurred Thursday evening. Next Thursday evening, November 5, she and Miss Utley will share honors at a large dance which Mrs. Walter Newhall will give at the Los Angeles Country club, and Miss Alice Elliott will make her formal debut at a dance to be given at the Friday Morning club house the evening of November 17, by her sister, Miss Mary Belle Elliott.

At least two other debutantes at present are being accorded attention. They are Miss Poindexter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Poindexter, of 225 West Adams street, who will make her formal bow to society at two brilliant receptions which her mother will give at their home Wednesday afternoons, November 4 and 11, and Miss Fannie Todd Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, of 1153 West Twenty-seventh street, in whose honor Mrs. Carpenter assisted by her other daughters, Misses Clara and Sue Carpenter, will give a reception and musical at the Womans' club house, Tuesday afternoon, November 3.

Among the first of the series of brilliant functions with which twenty-five of the leading society matrons of the city will entertain prior to the

elaborately-appointed dinner-dance at Hotel Alexandria, Wednesday evening, December 16, at which they will be co-hostesses, was the tea given Thursday afternoon at the California club by Mrs. Allan C. Balch. A special program of musical numbers was rendered by an orchestra and Mrs. Balch was assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mmes. Adna B. Chaffee, Roland Bishop, Fred Bixby, E. A. Bryant, Willoughby Rodman, Arthur G. Wells, Frank Thomas, Charles C. Carpenter, Burton E. Green, Wesley Clark, Howard E. Huntington, Walter Newhall, Cameron E. Thom, W. A. Barker, George J. Denis, Lynn Helm, Scott Helm, Leo Chandler, William G. Kerckhoff, W. W. Lovett, Curtis Williams, E. T. Pettigrew, Henry Carlton Lee, Albert Crutcher, R. L. Craig, Margaret Hobbs, W. E. Dunn, John G. McKinney, Misses Helen Chaffee, Sue Carpenter, Clara Coleman, Alberta Denis, Kate Van Nuys, Helen Newlin, Florence Silent and Annis Van Nuys.

Not a few out-of-town society matrons and maids will come to Los Angeles to attend the Moore-Edwards wedding to be solemnized Wednesday, November 4. Among those already on the ground is Mrs. Clement Chase, sister of the groom-elect, who is to be entertained at the home of Miss Moore's parents, Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Moore, 800 South Alvarado street. Mrs. Chase will be remembered as the charming daughter of Col. E. E. Edwards of Santa Ana.

Miss Mary Hubbell is one of the most feted girls of the week and next week too is to be an exceedingly busy one for this young bride-elect. Tuesday, Miss Lois Chamberlain entertained in her honor with a prettily-appointed luncheon at the Jonathan club, guests including Miss Hubbell's bridal party and a few other of her intimate friends. This afternoon Miss Edith Herron is entertaining for her with another delightful luncheon and on this occasion also the guests are members of the bridal party, places being set for twelve. Monday, Miss Macneil will entertain for her and her betrothed, Mr. Will L. Graves, Jr., that same evening, with a dinner-dance. About 125 guests have been bidden for the occasion. The decorations will be artistic and elaborate, pink roses and greenery being principally used. The supper-room above will be especially pretty. The walls are to be hung with strings of asparagus ferns and the tables will be arranged with blossoms of pink and white Tuesday afternoon, Miss Nina Jones will give a luncheon for Miss Hubbell and the latter herself will entertain Friday evening at her home with a dinner for her bridal party.

In a setting "shivery," yet artistically appropriate to the occasion, Miss Mathilde Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bartlett of "Oak Knoll," 2300 West Adams street will entertain this evening with a supper-dance in celebration of Hallowe'en. Jack-o-lanterns and skull-lanterns will be used in illuminating the rooms, which will be decorated effectively in Hallowe'en novelties. The dining room will be embowered to represent a summerhouse. In the center of the room will be a representation of a camp fire and cushions on the floor about the fire will serve to accommodate the guests during the serving of refreshments. In the den will be located the fortune teller's tent, and a few ghost and other visitors from spookdom also will be in attendance to aid in making the scene a realistic one. The spacious grounds of the Bartlett home will be illuminated with jack-o-lanterns and Japanese lanterns and there will be many improvised cozy-corners for tête-à-têtes between each dance. Kammermeyer's orchestra will play and Christopher is to cater. About fifty of the younger set will be guests and Miss Bartlett will be assisted in entertaining her friends by her mother, Mrs. Bartlett, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lanier Bartlett, and her cousin, Miss Margaret Bartlett. Those invited for the evening and merry-making are Misses Alice Smith, Juana Creighton, Marie Stockard, Virginia Walsh, Ethel Wyatt, Gertrude Churchill, Katherine Ridge-way, Ethel Walker, Florence Thrasher, Virginia Collins, Hortense B. Jones,

Alice Shaw, Ethel Shaw, Bertie Smith, Frances Roberts, Daisy Roberts, and Messrs. Robert Flint, Percy Eisen, Jesse Gemmill, E. R. Jones, Harry Wyatt, George Reed, Ezra Fish, George Mossbacker, B. A. Stabler, Willedd Andrews, Heber Coleman, Lon McCoy, John McCoy, Herbert Stanton, Robert Leonard, Guy Corson, Walter Butler, Robert Howery, L. B. Jones, Raymond Osborne, Dr. G. W. Wallace, Dr. A. B. Leavelle, Dr. James M. McCoy and Messrs. and Mesdames Sidney Webb, Will McCoy, David Barnore, Sam Barry and Mrs. George Goodfellow.

Another delightful Hallowe'en party will be that given by the Misses Marcedes and Marie Ellis, of 2128 Western avenue, this evening, in compliment to Miss Lillian Moore and her betrothed, Mr. LeRoy Edwards. The entertainment will be in the form of an old fashioned supper-dance and the decorations will be conventional and appropriate to the occasion, black cats, witches, jack-o-lanterns and similar appointments being utilized in the arrangement. Besides the guests of honor the Misses Ellis' have bidden Misses Jessie Morgan, Grace Beckwith, Helen Macleish, Florence Avery, Dorothy Macleish, Hattie Bradford, Florence Pollard, Edna Bradford, Messrs. Walter Koebig, Adolf Koebig, James Gibson, George Mansfield, Walter Kelley, O. Rey Rule, Frank Alexander, Willard Lyons, Chester Moore, Dr. L. M. Ellis, Lieut. Wayne Osborn, Mrs. Clement Chase, Mr. and Mrs. C. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald A. Ru, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cotton, Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis.

Mrs. Albert Crutcher and Mrs. Cliff Page were hostesses Wednesday at one of the most elaborate home luncheons of the week, the affair being given at the residence of the former, 1257 West Adams street. The decorations were in yellow chrysanthemums, clusters of the flowers being held in pretty baskets of brown. About one hundred and fifty guests were invited and Mrs. Crutcher and Mrs. Page were assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mmes. Charles C. Carpenter, Ernest A. Bryant, Granville MacGowan, Irwin Herron, Allan C. Balch, W. E. Dunn, T. J. Fleming, Willoughby Rodman, Joseph Banning, C. C. Parker, Lillian P. Hart, Walter Trask, Charles Barrington, George Griffith, Carl Adam, William T. Johnston, Lynn Helm, Scott Helm, Spencer A. Smith, J. R. Bohan, Joanna Murray, W. B. Mathews, John T. Jones, Samuel Haskins, and C. M. Benbrook.

Miss Helen Chaffee, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, of Magnolia avenue, and her betrothed, Lieut. John H. Howard, U. S. A., have chosen December 8 as the date of their wedding. Lieut. Howard, who has been stationed at the Philippines, will arrive in Los Angeles about November 20. The ceremony will be celebrated in St. Paul's pro-cathedral and will be an event of unusual brilliance. Miss Chaffee's brother, Lieut. Adna R. Chaffee, Jr., will be married to Miss Ethel Warren Huff, December 15, at the home of the bride in Atlanta, Ga., and Lieut. Howard and his bride plan to attend the ceremony, after which the four will continue their honeymoon trip together. Next Tuesday, Miss Chaffee will be the guest of honor at a luncheon which Mrs. Avery McCarthy will give at her pretty home at Redondo Beach. Innumerable other pre-nuptial affairs are being planned for Miss Chaffee, but dates for the series of entertainments are set for the latter part of November.

Club life is not all given over to discussions of art, politics, domestic questions or the innumerable subjects of education, lectures or other pastimes for the intellectual. The social element, bidden or otherwise, forms a large part of real club activities, as was evidenced Monday at the charter day reception given by the Ebell club. The club house was artistically decorated for the reception which marked the fourteenth anniversary of the organization, white and gold, the Ebell colors, predominating in the arrangement. Music was furnished by the DeNubila orchestra, Mrs. Willitts J. Hole, the new president was assisted in receiving the several hundred guests by

Mmes. Edward C. Dieter, Fred Selwyn Lang, George W. Bayly, George H. Kress, R. W. Pridham, J. B. Millard, Augustus Hine, Lewis Clark Carlisle, Josiah Evans Cowles, Robert J. Burdette, Charles N. Flint, E. C. Bellows, C. A. Burcham, and Sumner P. Hunt. On the hospitality committee were Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant, Mrs. N. K. Potter and Mrs. Edgar L. Swaine. Among those who presided at the tea tables and otherwise assisted in the entertainment of the guests were Mmes. Reuben Shettler, Allison Barlow, Robert Marsh, Frank Walsh, Edwin G. Voigt, Leon T. Shettler, J. H. Miles, Oliver Hubert Morgan, George W. Jordan, S. J. Keese, J. A. Le Doux, E. T. Barber, Henderson Hayward, Winfred Frank Huddel, S. F. Johnson, George E. Hart, Frank H. Brooks, L. E. Ford, A. B. Barrett, Will P. Baker, H. L. Harris, George A. Brook, Charles W. Chase, Alice T. Anderson, H. M. Parsons, F. H. Nichols, Berdella Murphy, Minerva T. Russell, Edward C. Magauran, Sarah J. Smith, Marion Welsh, C. F. Noyes, Jane W. Van Benthuysen and the Misses Anna Doplins and Adie E. Doran.

Next week is to be Cupid's own and the little god of love will be kept busy attending the several weddings which are to culminate his effective targeting. The marriage of Miss Helen Safford and Mr. Albert McFarland Bonsall will take place Wednesday evening and will be a church affair. The same evening, Miss Lillian Moore's marriage to Mr. LeRoy Edwards will be solemnized, the service being celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Moore, 800 South Alvarado street. Miss Mary Widney and Mr. Sidney Reeve have chosen Thursday evening for their wedding and the ceremony will take place at Bethel chapel, Rev. J. P. Widney, the uncle of the bride, officiating. The wedding of Miss Lucille Walton and Mr. Earl V. Lewis, will be celebrated the evening following the Widney-Reeve nuptials and will take place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Walton, 755 West Adams street.

This week, for Miss Helen Safford, one of next week's brides, has been marked by a delightful round of festivities. Tuesday and Wednesday she, and a coterie of girl friends, were entertained at a house party at Ocean Park, the Misses Hattie and Edna Bradford being her hostesses. Thursday afternoon, Miss Beatrice Gavagan, of Ellendale place, gave an enjoyable bridge party for Miss Safford, and yesterday afternoon she was the guest of honor at another bridge party given by Mrs. Rowe Sanderson, of Leeward avenue.

Mrs. Otheman Stevens, who, with her daughter, Miss Stevens, will leave soon for a trip to the Orient, has been the guest of honor this week at several delightful farewell entertainments. This evening, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn, of 917 West Twenty-eighth street, will give an informal dinner for her. The table decorations will be principally of yellow chrysanthemums and plates will be placed for Mr. and Mrs. Otheman Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Connelly, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Balch and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn.

At an artistically appointed feast, where wine and song flowed forth, the Bachelors assembled in merry mood last Saturday night at the Alexandria and renewed their vows of celibacy, at least for another twelve months. Preceding the banquet a new board of governors was elected consisting of the following prominent bachelors: Messrs. Arthur A. Dodworth, Charles Seyler, Jr., Russell Taylor, Fred M. Phelps, Charlton F. Burke, Gurney E. Newlin, Harry B. Kay, Louis Vetter, D. A. McGilvray, Volney Howard, Robert P. Flint, and Harold S. Cook. Among the others present were Messrs. Johnson Llewellyn, Earl Cowan, Bert Campbell, Ed Robinson, Arthur Bumiller, James Page, Wesley Roberts, Benton Van Nuys, Fred Rowan, James Slauson, William Reed, J. Wilkerson, Karl Klokke, Adolph Schwartz, Charles Hastings, Cloyd Lott, and Winthrop Blackstone. The board of governors will have charge of arrange-

ments for the annual ball which the Bachelors plan to give in the earlier part of January and which will be one of the notably brilliant social functions of the winter season.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Flo Adams of Whittier, to Mr. Clarence Rees, of this city. Miss Adams is the sister of Miss Maude Adams, 1126 West Twenty-eighth street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond, of San Francisco, announce the engagement of their third daughter, Miss Grace Hammond, to Welbore Stewart Burnett. Miss Hammond, who frequently has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, has many friends here and Mr. Burnett, who is a lawyer, formerly practiced his profession here.

In honor of her sixteenth birthday anniversary, Miss Sadie Black, of 219 South Hill street, entertained Wednesday evening with an informal party. About twenty-five guests participated in the merry-making and games. Miss Josephine Fisher rendered one or two vocal selections as a feature of the evening.

Thursday evening marked the fourth and last of the series of dinners given by Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, of 2408 South Figueroa street, for her daughter, Miss Macneil. On this occasion American beauty roses were used in the table decoration, and guests included Dr. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, Dr. and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott, Miss Mary Clark, Miss Elizabeth Wolters, Mr. James Slauson, Mr. Barto Dwight, Mr. Louis Tolhurst and Dr. Bertnard R. Smith.

Miss Macneil will be hostess Thursday afternoon, November 19, at a luncheon given for Mrs. David Bradley, nee Price.

In honor of Mrs. A. M. Fuller, wife of Major Fuller, of Topeka, Kansas, who is visiting at the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Scheiller, 1011 Cypress avenue, Mrs. Charles Nichols, of 1066 Park View avenue entertained informally Tuesday afternoon. A number of other delightful affairs are planned for Mrs. Fuller, while she is visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth, who have been traveling abroad since early last July, are expected to return to their home here early next week.

Two of the most feted of the season's debutantes, Miss Macneil and Miss Utley, will be guests of honor next Thursday evening at an informal dance, which Mrs. Walter Newhall, of 21 Chester Place will give at the Los Angeles Country club. The decorations will be principally of potted plants and other greenery. Mrs. Newhall is a delightful hostess and her entertainment is sure to be among the most pleasurable of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell have issued invitations for a dinner to be given at their home on South Figueroa street, Thursday evening, November 12.

At St. Paul's pro cathedral, Tuesday evening, occurred the marriage of Miss Maude Ewing Ross, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. L. A. Ross, of 628 Westlake avenue, to Rev. John McClellan Ferguson, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Concord, California. Miss Frances Holmes was maid of honor and Mr. Samuel H. French was best man. Little Frances Wheeler was the flower girl and ushers were Dr. William Brill, Dr. John Adams Collier, Mr. Howard Robertson and Charlton Edholm.

Mrs. Stephen S. Wilder, of 2060 Hobart boulevard, with her sister and niece, Mrs. O. J. Barker and Miss Barker, will sail November 10, on the steamer Manchuria for Honolulu. They will be absent about six weeks.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Pauline Howard, daughter of the late Dr. Frederick Howard, to Mr. Frank Lampke. Miss Howard is a handsome young woman of the blonde type and is a favorite among a wide circle of friends. No date has been set for the wedding, which will take place early next year.



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Mr. and Mrs. David Emery Bradley, the latter formerly Miss Beulah Price, have returned from their wedding trip and are at home at 2627 Severance street.

Mrs. J. H. Seymour, prominent in society circles of Redondo and Los Angeles, as well as in Mexico City, where she passes much of her time, has returned here after a few weeks' visiting in Mexico, and is registered at the Van Nuys hotel. She is accompanied by Miss Eleanor Peralta, of Santa Monica, who visited with her in the southern country.

Members of the Friday Morning club enjoyed their annual tea Tuesday at their club house. Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, the president, was assisted in receiving by Mmes. John R. Haynes, J. B. Lippincott, N. K. Potter, Jules Kauffman, Stoddard Jess, O. P. Clark, G. F. Conant, Charles Farwell Edson, Dr. Dorothea Moore and the Misses Florence Moore, Caroline Van Dyke and Laura Grove Smith.

Among the prominent women of Los Angeles who will be patronesses for the Lott-Krauss series of concerts this winter are Mmes. H. B. Ainsworth, Walter Jarvis Barlow, A. G. Bartlett, Jacob Baruch, Thilo Becker, W. F. Botsford, E. C. Buell, C. A. Burcham, Jirah D. Cole, W. H. Cole, Josiah Evans Cowles, R. L. Craig, Charles Farwell Edson, Katherine Forest, C. J. Fox, F. R. Frost, Jackson S. Gregg, W. I. Hollingsworth, John D. Hooker, Abbot Kinney, H. T. Lee, A. L. Macleish, Hugh L. Macneil, Ella Martindale, J. G. Mossin, R. W. Poindexter, Walter Raymond, D. M. Riordan, Wiloughby Rodman, A. C. Rogers, Alfred Solano, Harriett W. R. Strong, Fred A. Walton, John D. Works and Misses Jessica Lawrence and Cora Foy. The

concerts are to be given at Simpson auditorium and dates for the series of six are November 12, December 10, January 14, February 11, March 11, and April 15.

Several Los Angelans are having an unusually enjoyable house party on the Hawaiian Islands, where they are guests at the large sugar plantation of Mr. Z. S. Spalding in the town of Kealia, Kauai Island. Mr. Rufus Spalding and his sister, Mrs. E. J. Fenni, Miss Elsa Behr of Pasadena and Mr. Morgan Adams, of this city, son of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams of South Flower street, comprise the party. Mr. Rufus Spalding, who is the son of the wealthy plantation owner has made his home in Los Angeles for two or three years and is well known here, being commodore of the South Coast Yacht club and interested in large realty holdings. The party of four left Los Angeles recently and plan to remain at the Spalding plantation for about two months. Automobiling is to form a part of the pastime and ocean trips and other pleasures also will be participated in as features of the house party.

Many friends will be interested in the marriage of Miss Hazel Hostetter and Mr. William F. Jacoby, of Las Cruces, Mexico, which will take place at Hotel Alexandria, November 8. Miss Hostetter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hostetter, the former being United States consul at Hermosillo, and with her mother is at present staying at Hotel Woodward. Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby will live in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Sherburne have removed from 1143 West Thirty-sixth street to their new home at 922 South Alvarado street.

STOCKS, BONDS, FINANCE

Election possibilities, notwithstanding, security markets continue on the uplift in regard to volume of business as well as firmness in prices. The past week shows an improvement over the week before, as decided as previous periods heretofore reported in this department.

Los Angeles Home Pfd. is close to 50, its high record price since the general slump a year ago, while First Home bonds appear to be decidedly strong around 81 to 82. Bond stocks display renewed activity, noticeable most particularly among certain issues whose dividends will be increased with the new year.

Municipal and school bonds are active and firmer, due to the hardness of money, usually in evidence at this time before a presidential campaign. The investment public flocks toward a harbor of refuge in times of financial stringency, and the best of the bonds are in most demand at this season, because the real investor will take but little chance. Union Oil and its affiliated corporations, are said to be earning more money than ever, and their securities display a firmness that indicates much higher prices soon after January 1, 1908.

Goldfield mining issues and the standard coppers are in better shape for speculation than they have been for years, and the latter, especially, carry an attractive feature. Reference is made, particularly, here to such of the metal stocks whose properties are controlled in Los Angeles, permitting ready inquiry to be made into the securities affected. In view of the fact that these stocks have an open market value at all times on the New York and Boston curbs, they may be turned into cash almost at a moment's notice.

James H. Adams and Company disposed, during the week, of about \$150,000 worth of Southern California school bonds. Nearly all of the issues were placed in New York. Other similar houses are negotiating to sell about \$50,000 worth of such securities to a fraternal organization of a national character, whose headquarters is in Los Angeles.

Banks and Banking

Having as its purpose the improving and strengthening of the state banking system, the California State Clearing House association was permanently organized in San Francisco Monday. J. E. Fishburn, of the National Bank of California, has been elected vice-president, C. E. Woodside, of the Los Angeles Trust company, is secretary of the new organization and C. K. McIntosh, of San Francisco, is its president. The association will mean the complete reorganization of the clearing house system, now in vogue among the state banks, and the system of thorough and frequent examination by expert examiners into the affairs of every banking corporation or individual banker belonging to the association. In this way the common interests of the public and the banks will be safeguarded against the improper or unsafe handling of the funds of which the financial institutions are the custodians. The state has been divided into eleven districts and each will have its own examiner. All districts will report to the central board, which is to have its headquarters in San Francisco.

Preparations are being made for the extensive improvements to be made in the First National Bank building at Pomona and to that end Contractor Wilton and a crew of men have been tearing down the book vaults of the institution.

Bankers and directors of financial institutions will either have to be thoroughly familiar with the conditions of their banks or they will have to follow the habits of the derelict school boy who "crams" for his examinations, for Comptroller of Currency Murray has prepared a list of twenty-five searching questions which the national bank examiners have been directed to put to each director in the course of their investigation of

the bank's condition. These queries are intended to bring out clearly the relation of the directors to the condition of the bank, the extent of their knowledge of the bank's paper, the latitude conceded by them to the bank officers in overstepping the national banking law provisions, and their supervision of the bank details.

Articles of incorporation for the new Perris bank have been filed. The capital stock of the institution is \$25,000, of which \$23,000 is subscribed by W. W. Stewart, an eastern man who has recently moved to Perris and is at the head of the project. The directors include S. V. Gates and Edward Poorman, of Perris.

Bids are being received by Receiver J. C. Daly for the property holdings of the defunct Collins bank at Ventura. One bid for \$42,600 has been received for the combined holdings and this bid has been submitted to a committee of the large depositors of the bank, who favor it. Other bids, however, are to receive consideration before an acceptance of any is made.

It is stated that the Consolidated Bank of Los Angeles, which closed its doors during the financial troubles of its owner, W. H. Carlson, will pay its depositors dollar for dollar. Attorneys for Carlson state that their client has large realty deals under way which will place money at his disposal sufficient to meet all demands and to pay off every depositor. While Carlson's liabilities are not known, it is estimated, roughly, that they are not more than \$75,000, and are nearer \$60,000.

Great preparations are being made by the bank clerks of Los Angeles, for their annual minstrel show to be presented at the Mason Opera house the nights of November 12 and 13. Jokes, all new; songs, all catchy, and innumerable other features are to make up the program, which will be even better than that of last year. Vaudeville numbers will add much to the bill and already the advance sale of tickets insures the success, financially, of the entertainment.

Work on the Monrovia First National Bank building is rapidly nearing completion.

Stock and Bond Briefs

At Prescott, Arizona, the machinery, equipment and supplies of the Consolidated Arizona Smelting company, will be sold at public auction, November 10, at noon. Also 878 bonds of the De Soto Mining company will be sold.

Ocean Park trustees are advocating a bond issue in a large amount for the purpose of raising funds to construct boulevards into the city and to extend the outfall sewer pier at Center street. Estimates for the work are being obtained.

Municipal ownership of the local water works is being agitated at Long Beach and an election for the purpose of deciding the question has been called for December 15. The Alamitos company has offered its plant to the city for \$251,000 and the Long Beach company's price for its plant is \$497,000, bonds for which amounts will be submitted to the voters at the election.

Municipal improvement bonds for Santa Paula are to be sold in that city, November 9. The bonds will be in the amount of \$7,000. They will be ten in number and will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

As the sole bidders, the Los Angeles Trust company was awarded the Monte Vista school district bond issue of \$2,700 at a premium of \$6.26.

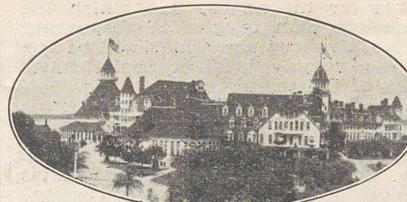
Public park improvement bonds in the sum of \$7,000, are to be sold in Azusa and bids for same will be received by the city clerk at that place, until 7:30 o'clock, p. m., November 2. The bonds are for \$175 each, and bear interest at 6 per cent, payable semi-annually.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 28, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Clyde W. Dayton of Chatsworth, Los Angeles County, California, who, on August 28th, 1908, made timber or stone entry, No. 1, for the E. 1/4 of the N.E. 1/4, of Section 28, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, California, on the 10th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur H. Nash, August Schweikhard, Ferdinand Tetclaff, Charles Woolsey, all of Chatsworth, California.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Sept. 5-9t. first publication Sept 5-08.

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AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOISTS

Much interest is being manifested by local automobile enthusiasts in the twenty-four hour automobile race scheduled at Ascot Park this afternoon. Several additional cars have been entered for the contest, including a Studebaker "30," by the Studebaker California company, of San Francisco, and a Pope-Toledo, by the Paris Auto station. The track has been put into excellent condition, thoroughly oiled and is capable of allowing a speed of at least 800 miles for the twenty-four hours' run. High candle power, electric searchlights will be used on the track, making it almost as light as day. About sixty of these lights will be strung around the course and at the turns several will be grouped. The race will start at 4 o'clock. Six, and possibly eight autos will line up for the contest. Ralph Hamlin, with his six cylinder Franklin roadster, is being slated among many as the probable winner, but others are being as enthusiastically supported in the betting odds. R. J. Leavitt, with his Locomobile, stands one of the best shows in the race. The Sunset driven by Frank Free is also a likely contestor, as will be the entry of F. C. Fenner, with a White flyer, or his speedy, Mercury I, the Baldy racer, with Ryus at the wheel. The Chalmers-Detroit, "Bluebird," is a fast machine and will stand a good chance for the diamond trophy and honors, and the Haynes, if entered by the Woodill Auto company, with George Barnes as driver, also would be a classy entry.

* * *

Preparations for the Arizona territorial fair races, at Phoenix, are being made and the event promises to be a notable one. Wednesday, November 11, will be automobile day there and the entire afternoon will be practically devoted to that sport. F. C. Fenner, of this city, will drive his White steamer car in the race from here to Phoenix, and the finish of the overland contest will be one of the biggest of the events of the occasion. The White steamer's rival in the race from Los Angeles to Phoenix, will be Leon T. Shettler's Kisselkar, which already has been entered. Both machines are speedy roadsters and the contest promises to be a close one. Other possible entries may be made for the event. Bert Latham, who has just returned from a trip over the road, stated that the running time between Los Angeles and the goal is approximately between thirty and thirty-six hours.

* * *

Covering a course of 256.06 miles in 4 hours, 48 1-5 seconds, George Robertson piloted a Locomobile to victory and won the Vanderbilt cup in the race at Long Island Parkway, N. Y., last Saturday afternoon. Herbert Lytle, an English driver in an Italian built car, Isotta Fraschini, came in second, following the American winner by 1 minute, 48 1-5 seconds. It is estimated that more than 125,000 people witnessed the race and much enthusiasm was manifested in the finish. The winning car averaged 64.3 miles an hour for the 110 laps, beating the previous best American record of 64.25 miles, made by Lytle two weeks before on the same track. The race was a closely contested one and in the first lap a dozen of the seventeen cars seemed possible winners, but many accidents and many subsequent stops resulted disastrously for the cars and at the end of the ninth lap the race had become practically a two car affair between Robertson and Lytle.

* * *

Sales Manager Tansey of the Michelin Tire factory, was in town lately to look after the interests of the great French tire now made in Milltown, N. J. The Michelin people have big factories in Italy, England and this country as well as their original one in France. They are the oldest rubber concern in the world. Following the Vanderbilt cup races the Michelin tire people telegraphed Coleman-Bentel, their agents here, that the first, second, and third prizes had been awarded the Michelin tire, and that of the 18 starters in the cup race, 13 of the machines were equipped with tires of that make.

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Money-mania Attacks Local Journalism
The magazine enterprise of the Los Angeles Herald is one worthy of notice. Tomorrow, that paper will begin publication of its new pictorial magazine, reported to be the finest newspaper supplement ever produced or even attempted on the western coast. If the promise that it is to be run on slow-speed, flat-bed presses and printed on book paper, is kept, it certainly will be an unusual publication as well as a commendable bit of journalistic enterprise. The Herald states that the subjects will be world-wide in their interest and will be produced from the finest procurable photographs and original drawings, furnishing a pictorial history of the world's events in passing. A page for amateur photographers, with weekly prizes, is to be an important feature and Southern California scenery is to play a large part in its making.

In addition to the new magazine, the Herald is instituting with its issue of tomorrow, which is to be a red letter day with that publication, will be a new page of Paris fashions and a new idea in shape of a page for misses. It also has under way a big Sunday feature, which it will present to its readers about November 15, whereby they will be given a treat in the way of fiction of the highest class ever published in a daily newspaper; fifty-two stories costing \$25,000, have been purchased by the Herald for this new department. And there are to be other pages on subjects of popular interest. All of these features are new with the Herald and are to be permanently regular with its Sunday issue, beginning with tomorrow.



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In the bindery at the Sign of the Sagebrush among the sycamores of the Arroyo Seco in the "Artistic Colony" of Los Angeles, books are being bound and lessons given in the art by Idah Meacham Strobridge and her assistants and hand-bound volumes are for sale, as are autographed copies by Los Angeles writers; and in the gallery of "The Little Corner of Local Art" oil paintings, water colors, pastels and etchings by Los Angeles painters are being shown to all who care to come, including the stranger within the gates. Artemisia is open from ten in the forenoon until five in the afternoon, and is reached by all Garvanza cars. On Thursdays both Mrs. Strobridge and her assistants will be found in attendance.



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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at
Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 14, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Alfred Hinkler, of Topanga, California, who on March 18, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11298, for E. 1/4 S.W. 1/4, S.W. 1/4 S.W. 1/4, Sec. 2, S.E. 1/4 S.E. 1/4, Sec. 3, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 6th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. G. Montgomery, J. L. Wood, A. von Arnswaldt, W. D. Reynolds, all of Topanga, California.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register, Oct. 3-5t; date first publication Oct 3 '08

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT
Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 1, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Reynolds of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on July 5th, 1905, made Homestead Entry (01561) No. 10353, for S.W. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4, and S. 1/2 of S.W. 1/4, Sec. 1, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 18th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: C. C. Cheney of Topanga, Cal.; Claude M. Allen, of Topanga, Cal.; John Wood, of Topanga, Cal.; J. U. Henry, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Daniel E. Fletcher, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register, Oct. 3-5t; date first publication Oct 3 '08

NOTICE OF SALE OF DELINQUENT STOCK

Needles Light & Power Company
Location of principal place of business, Los Angeles, California.

Office: 416 East Third Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Notice: There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of an assessment levied on the 10th day of September, 1908, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective share holders, as follows:

No. of	Name	Certificate Shares.	Amount.
W. W. Perry, 3	12500	\$625.00	
M. P. Thye, 4	12499	624.95	
M. P. Thye	5	.05	

And in accordance with law and an order of the board of directors of said company, made on said 10th day of September, 1908, so many shares of each parcel of said stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of said company, 416 E. Third street, in the city of Los Angeles, Cal., at the hour of 10 o'clock, a.m., of the 10th day of November, 1908, to pay delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. B. PALMER,
Secretary of said Needles Light and Power Company.

Office: 416 E. Third street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Oct. 24-2t. Date 1st publication Oct. 24-08



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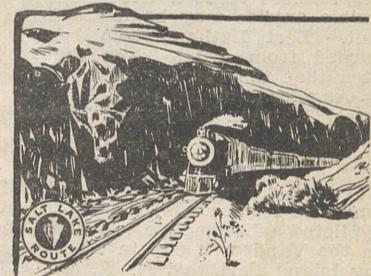
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